Cecil Bishopp's

The OVERTURE, SONGS, CHORUSSES &c.

in the

BATTLE of HEXAM

or DAYS of OLD.

as it is Performed at the Theatre Royal in the Haymarket,

The words by G. Colman Esq.r Jun.r

The Music Composed by

Dr. ARNOLD.

Opera XXXII — Price 10. 6.d

LONDON

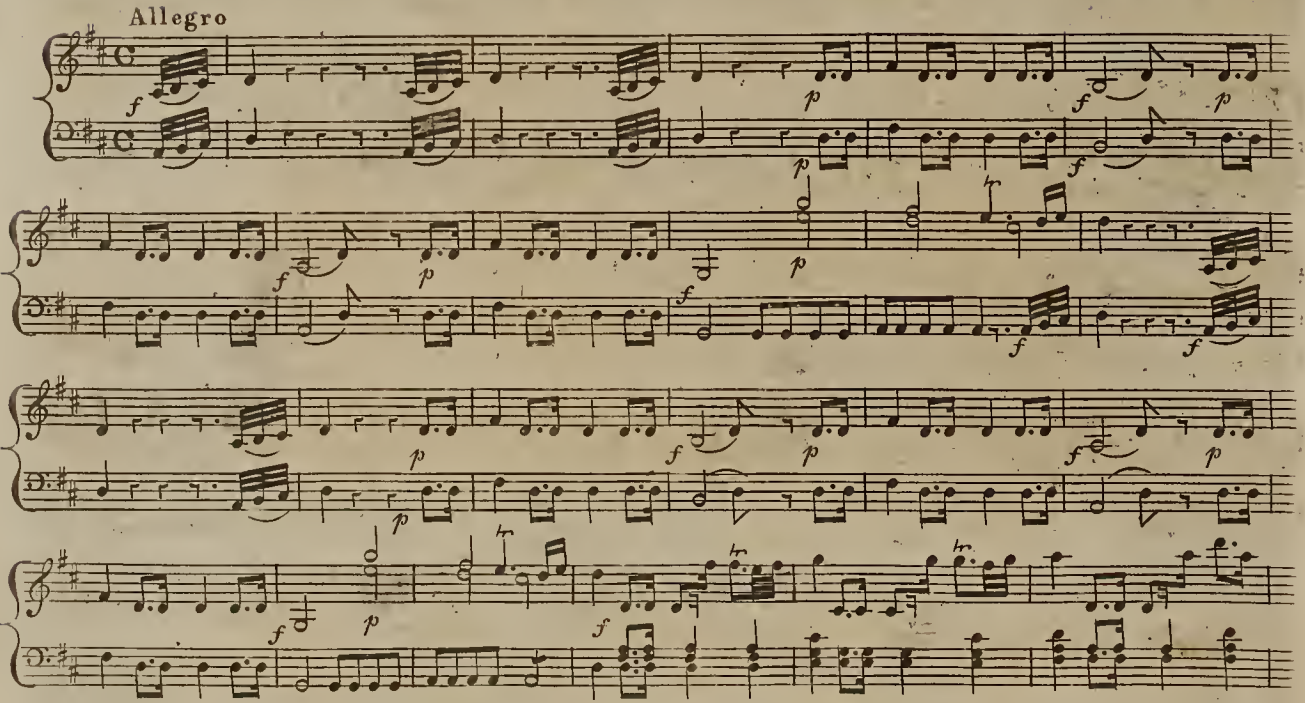
Printed by Longman and Broderip No.o 26 Cheapside and No.o 13 Hay Market

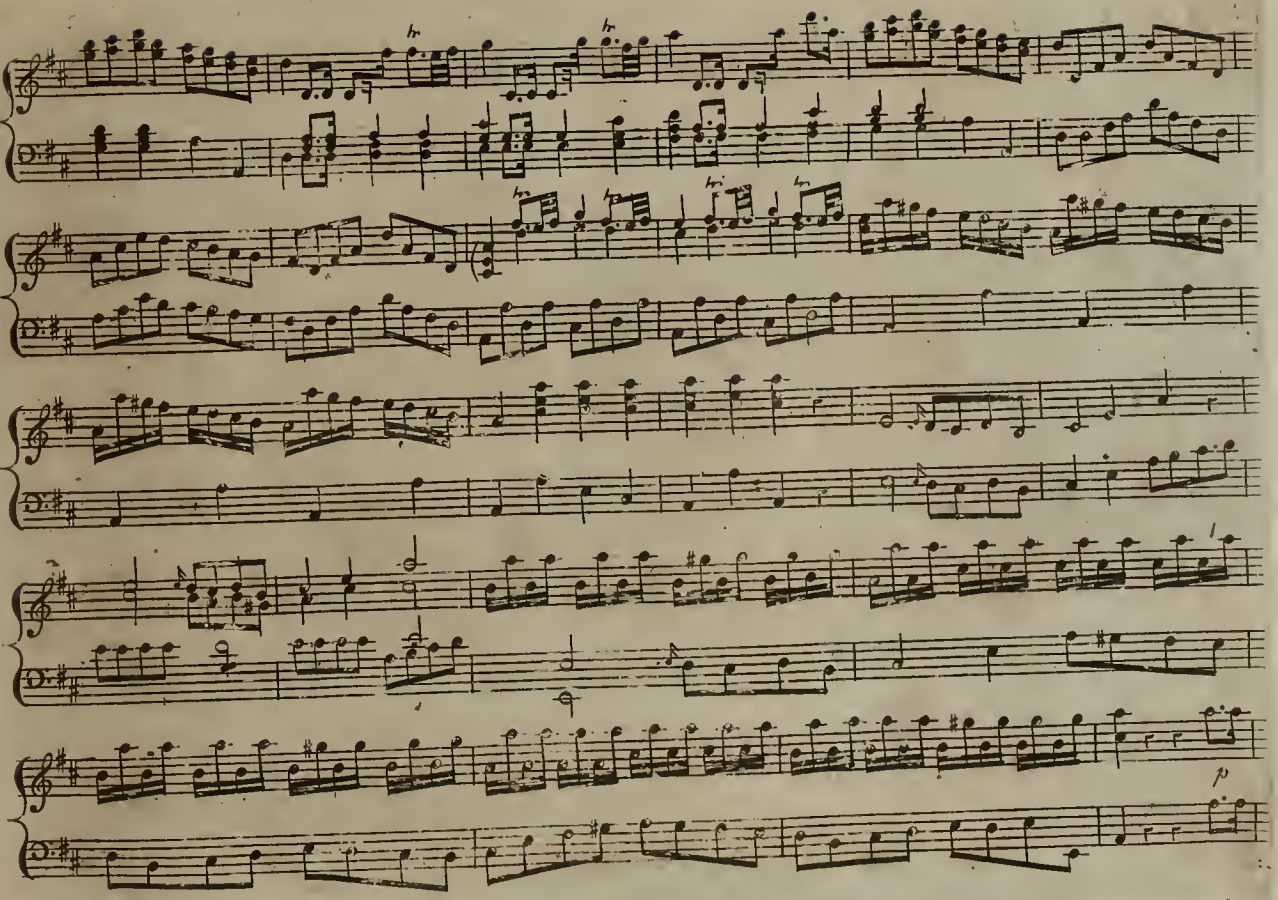
Music Sellers and musical Instrument makers to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

Enrag'd Musician - - - - - - - - - - 1 0 = s 6 = d 0 || Inkle and Yarrico - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 1 0 = s 10 = d 6

OVERTURE, to the Battle of Hexham, or, Days of Old.

Adapted for the Piano Forte, Harpsichord &c.

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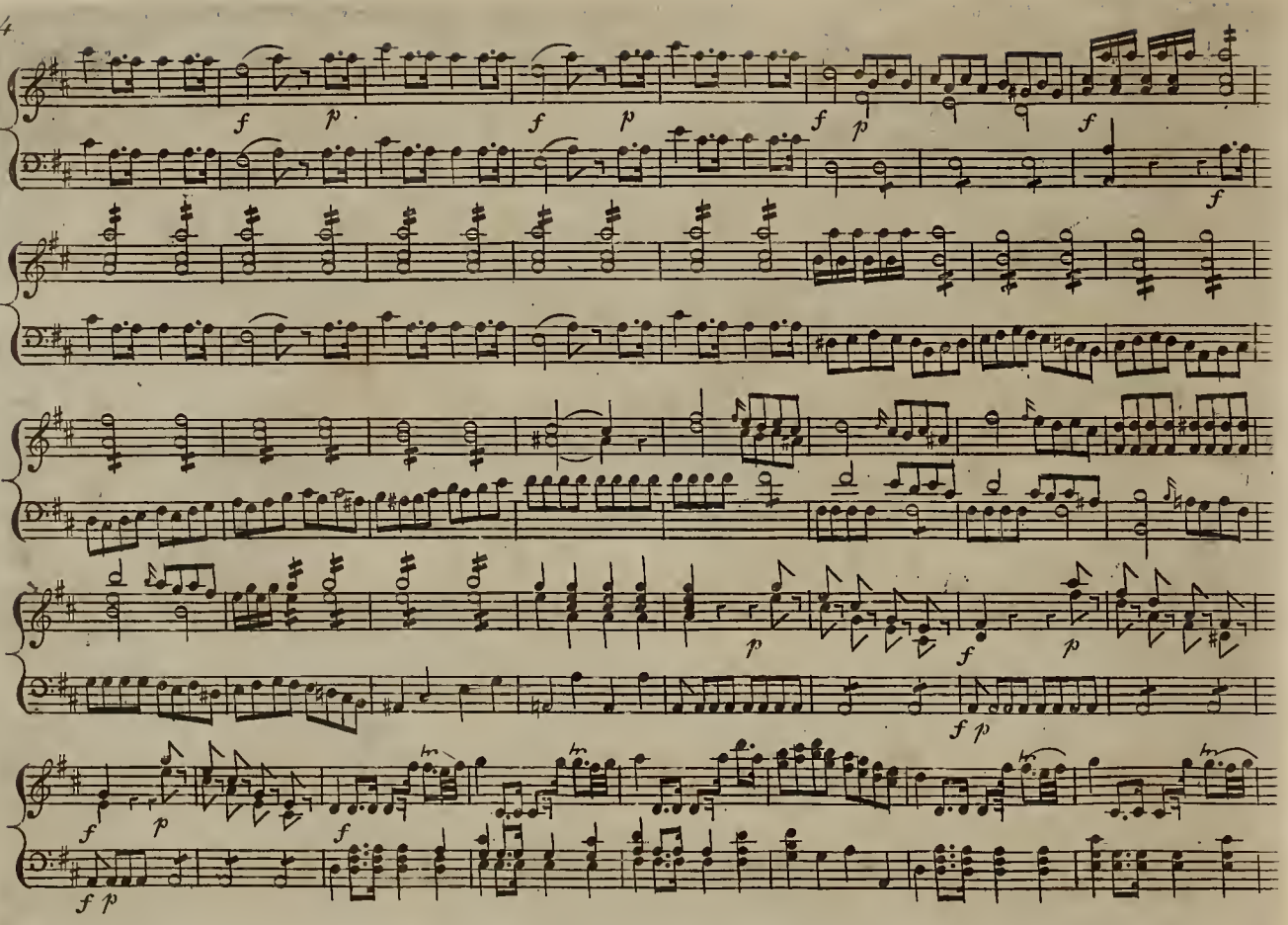
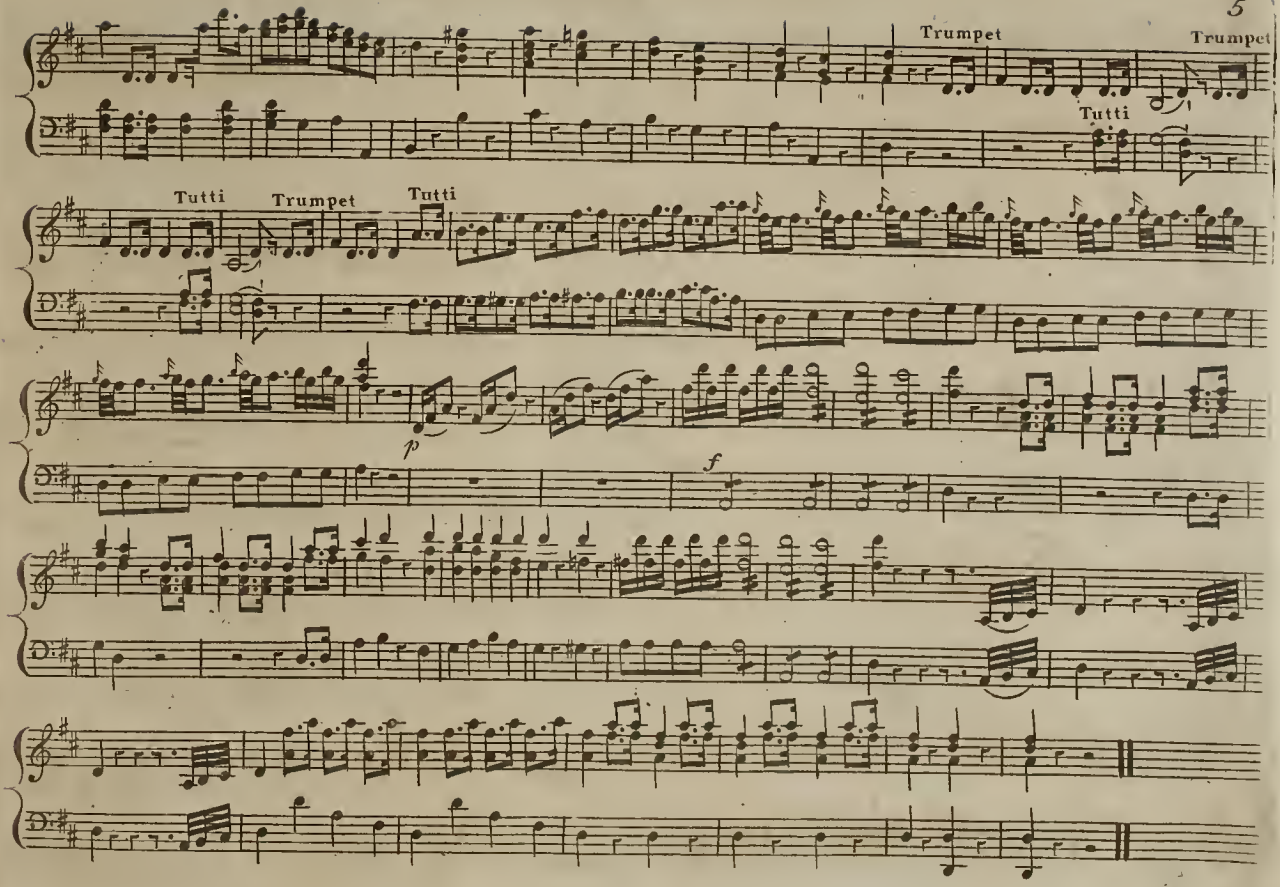
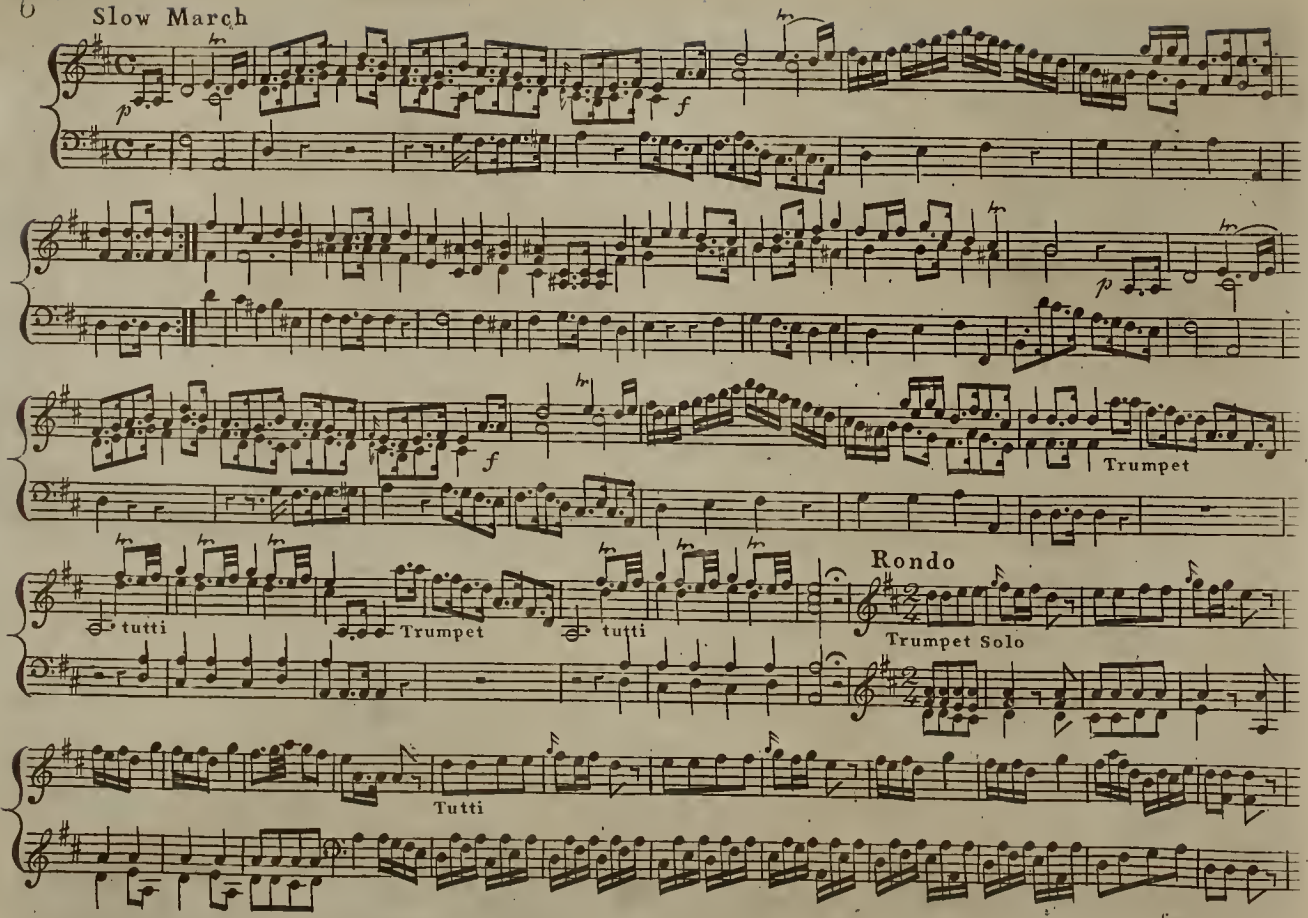
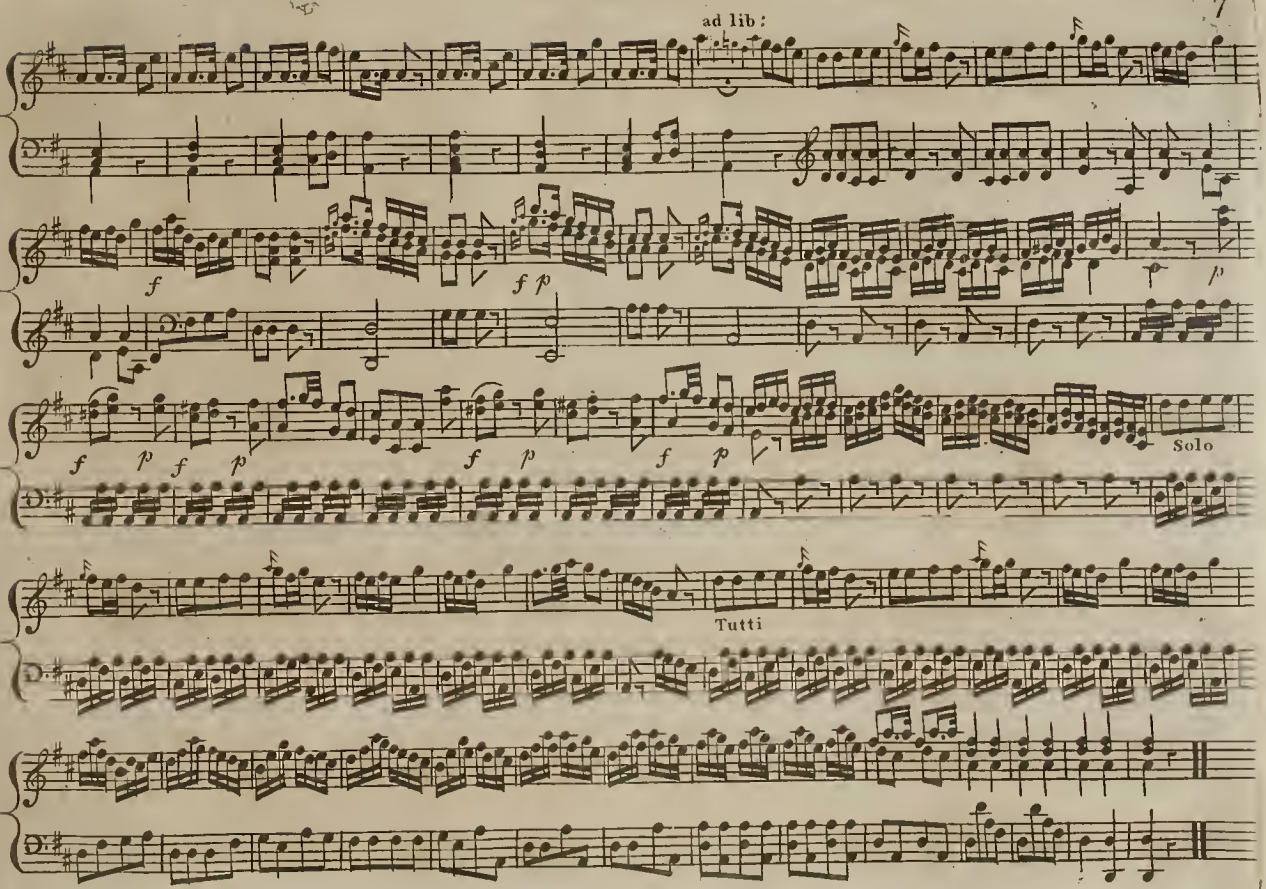
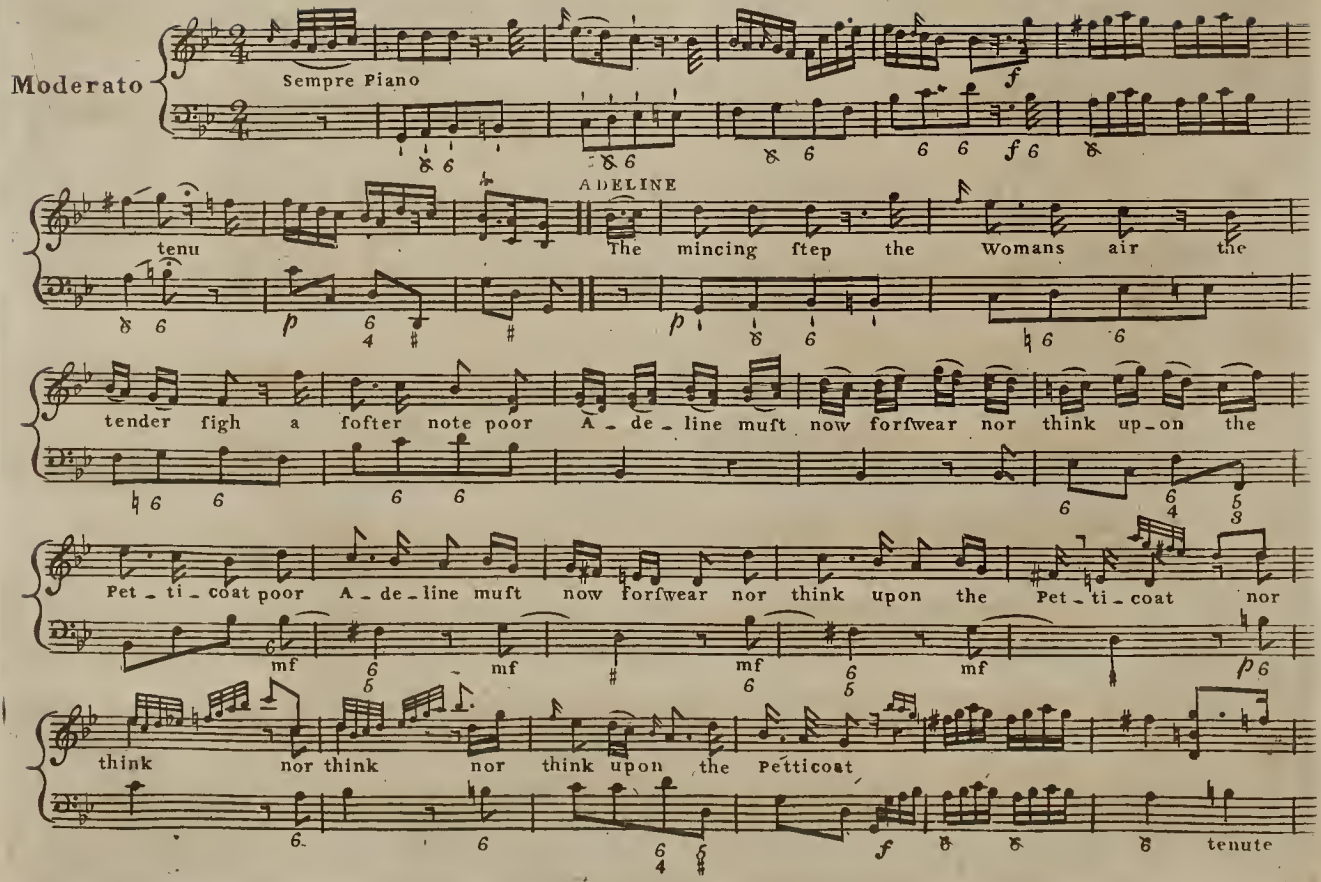

f p f p f p f
f
p f p
f p
f p f

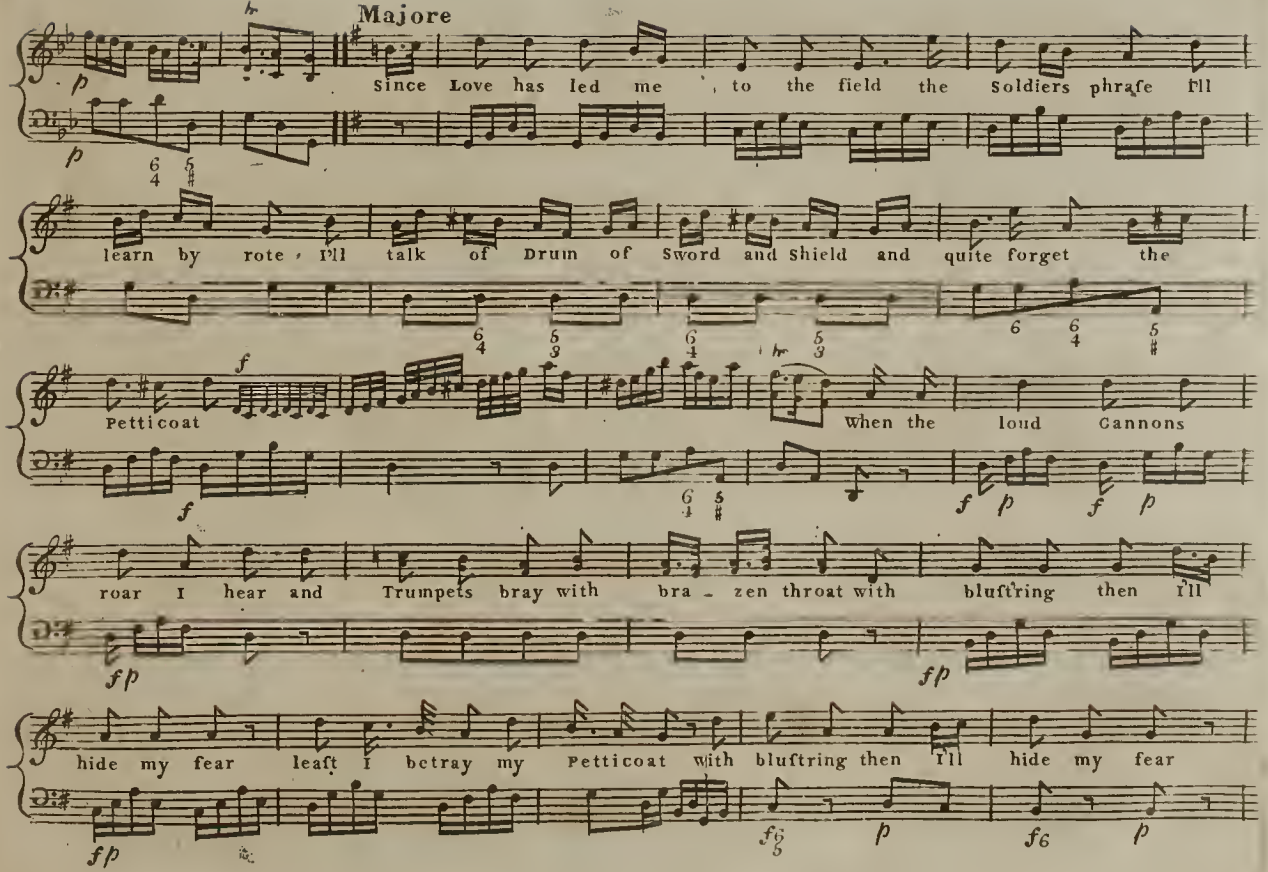

Trumpet
Trumpet
Tutti
Tutti
Trumpet
Tutti
p
f

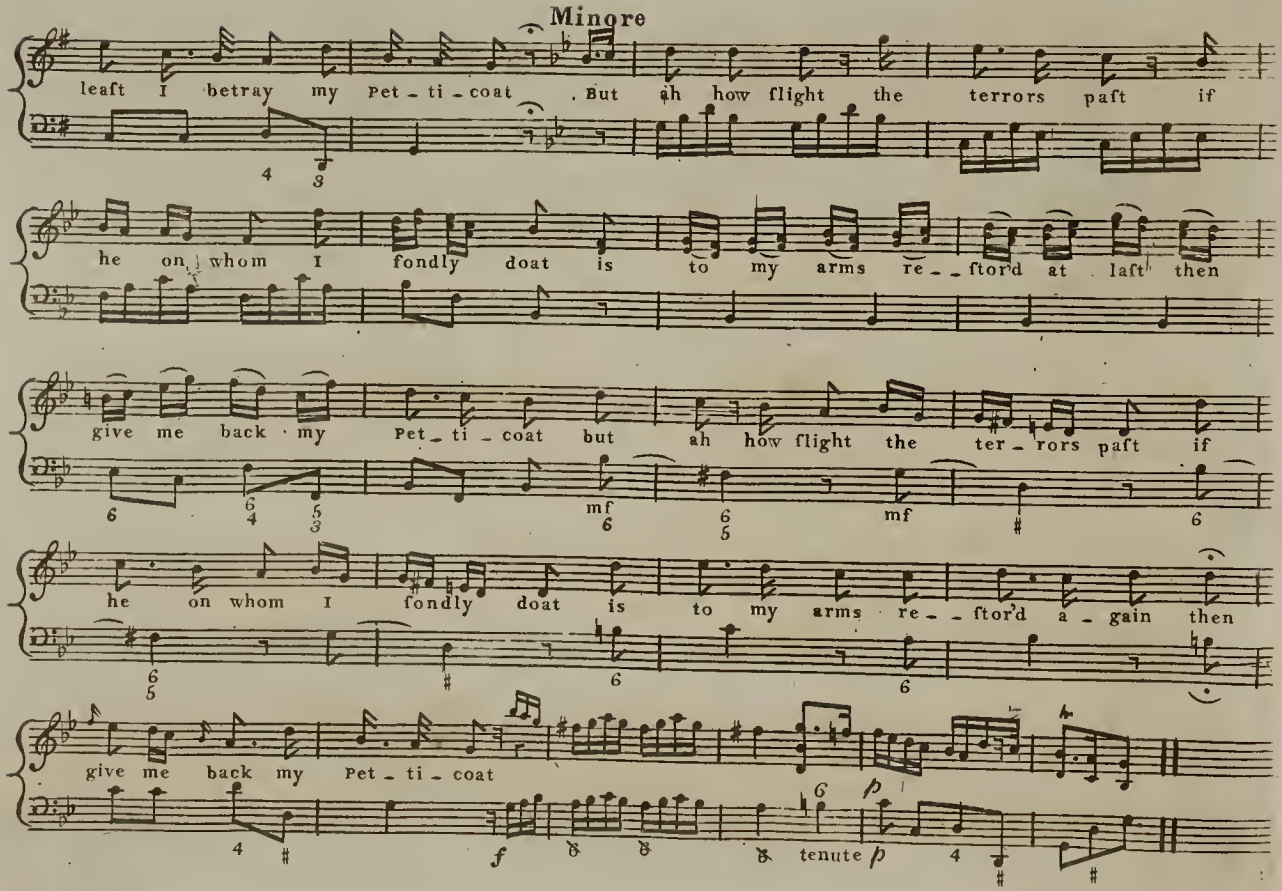

Slow March
p
f
p
f
Trumpet
tutti
Trumpet
tutti
Rondo
Trumpet Solo
Tutti

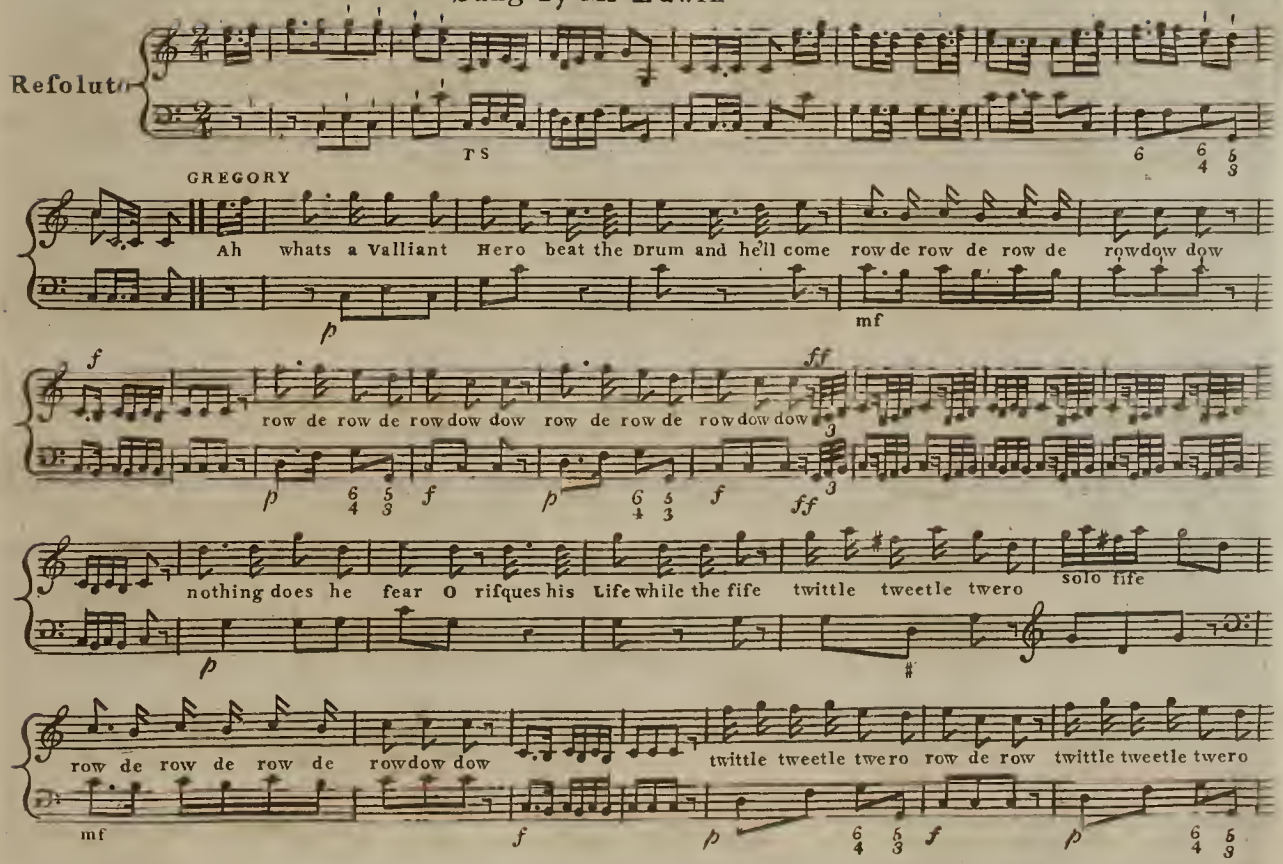

ad lib:
f
f p
p
f p f p
f p
f p
Solo
Tutti

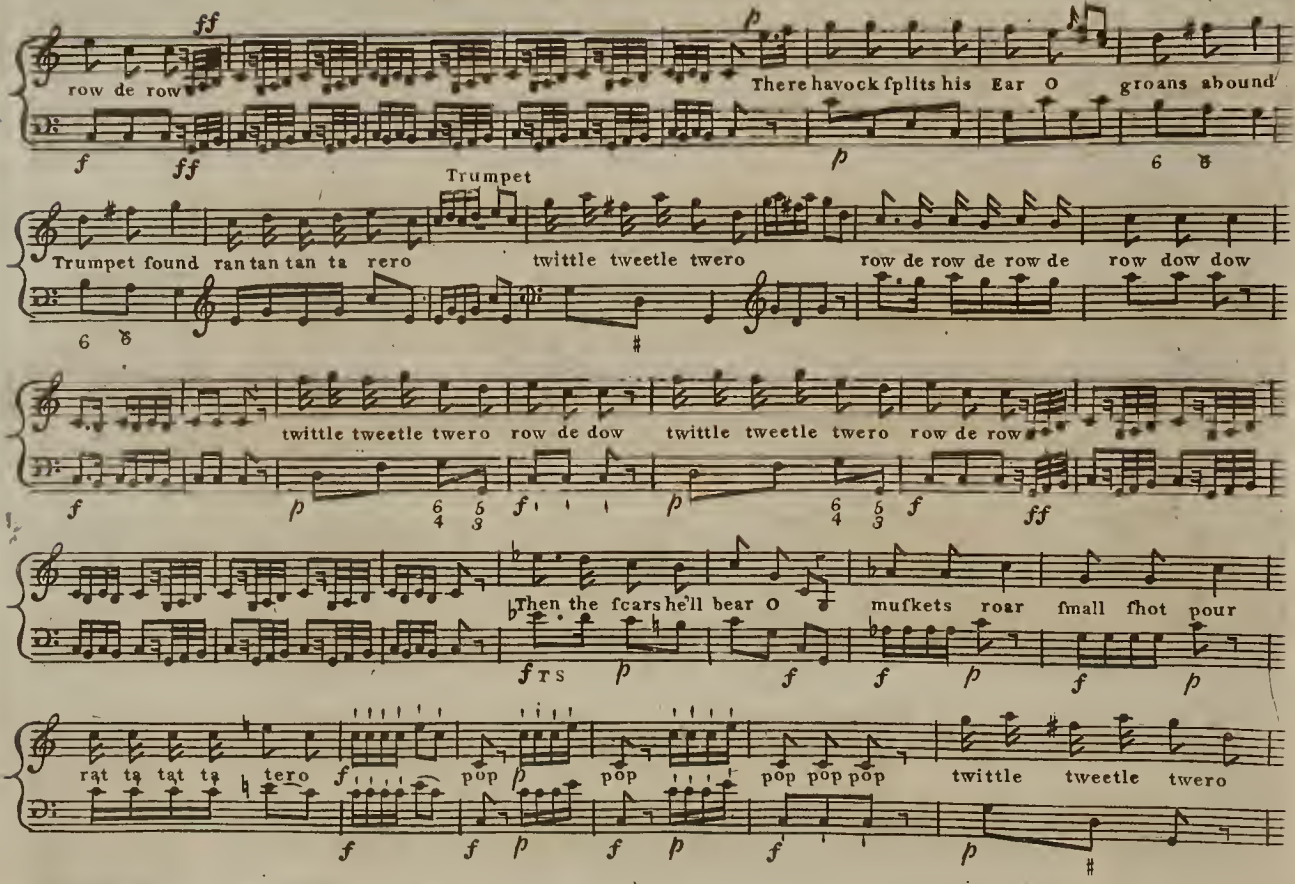
Sung by Mrs Goodall

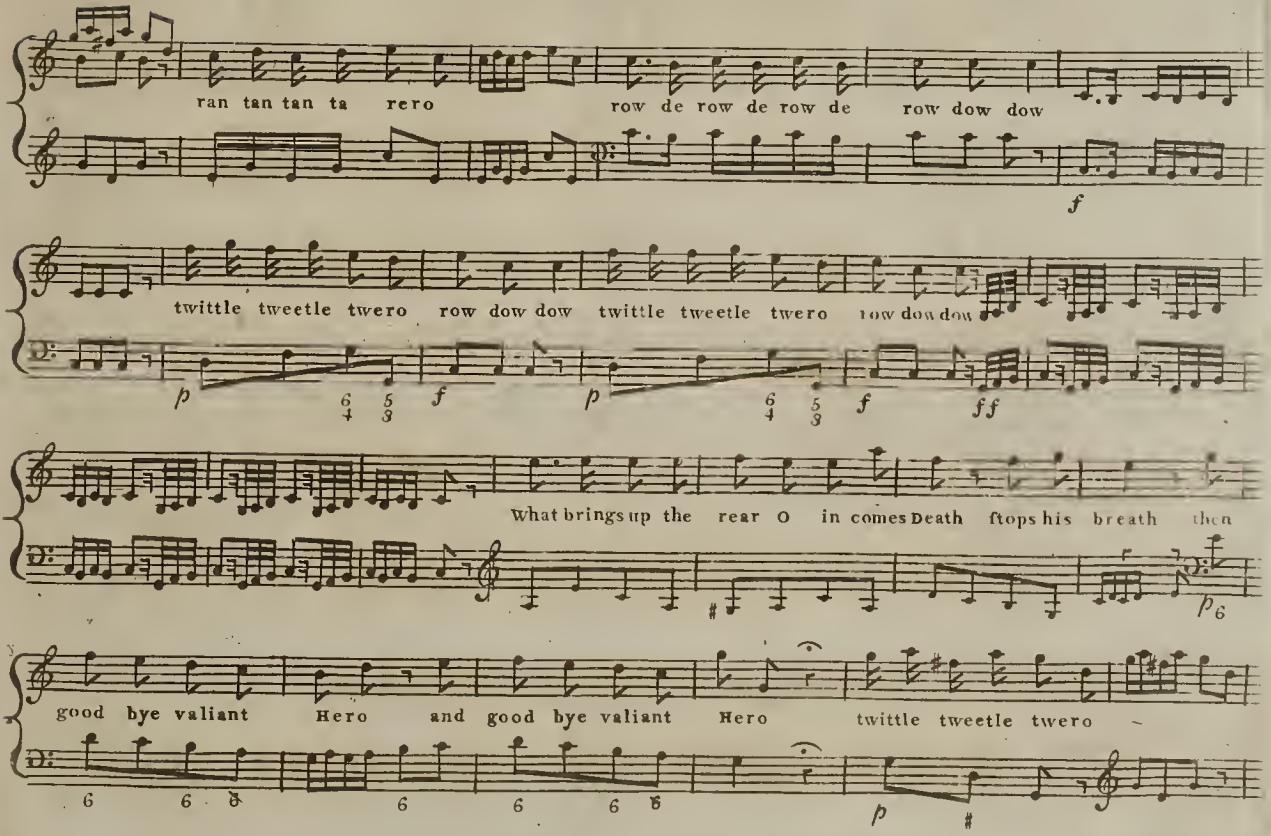

Moderato
Sempre Piano
f
ADELINE
tenu
The mincing ftep the Womans air the
p
tender figh a fofter note poor A - de - line muft now forfwear nor think up - on the
Pet - ti - coat poor A - de - line muft now forfwear nor think upon the Pet - ti - coat nor
mf
think nor think nor think upon the Petticoat
f
tenute

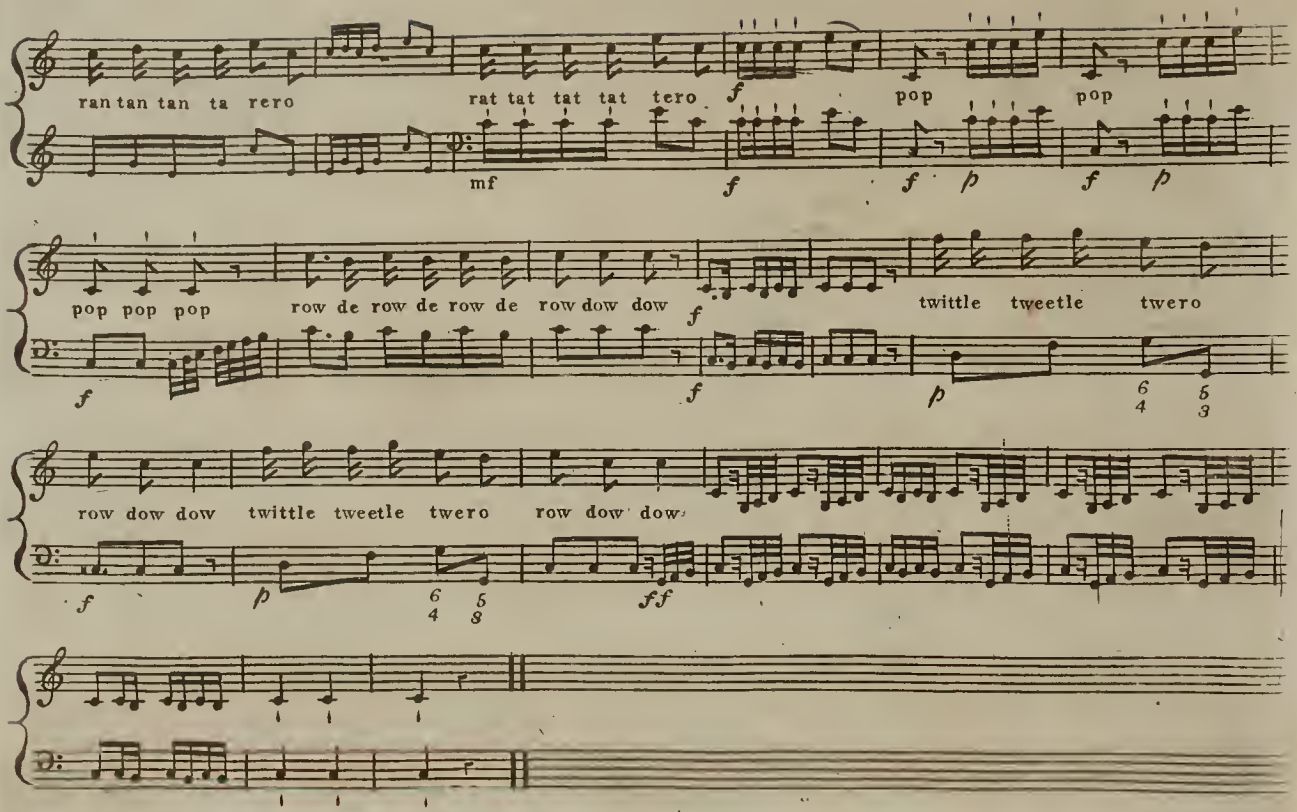

Majore
Since Love has led me to the field the Soldiers phraſe I'll
learn by rote I'll talk of Drum of Sword and Shield and quite forget the
Petticoat
When the loud Cannons
roar I hear and Trumpets bray with bra - zen throat with bluſtring then I'll
hide my fear leaſt I betray my Petticoat with bluſtring then I'll hide my fear


Minore
leaft I betray my Pet - ti - coat . But ah how flight the terrors paft if
he on whom I fondly doat is to my arms re - - ftor'd at laft then
give me back my Pet - ti - coat but ah how flight the ter - rors paft if
mf
mf
he on whom I fondly doat is to my arms re - - ftor'd a - gain then
give me back my Pet - ti - coat
f
tenute p
p

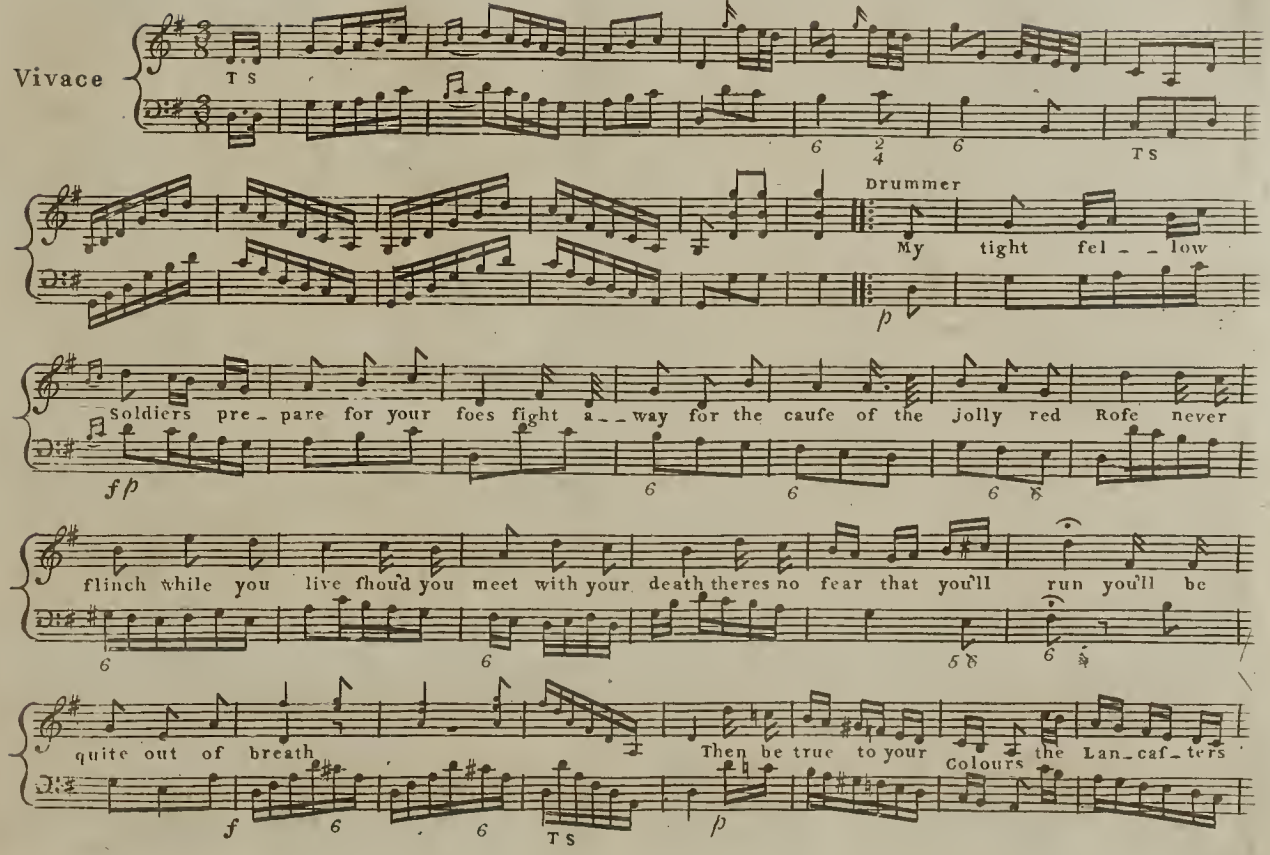

Refolut
GREGORY
Ah whats a Valliant Hero beat the Drum and he'll come row de row de row de rowdow dow
row de row de rowdow dow row de row de rowdow dow
nothing does he fear O rifques his Life while the fife twittle tweetle twero
solo fife
row de row de row de rowdow dow
twittle tweetle twero row de row twittle tweetle twero

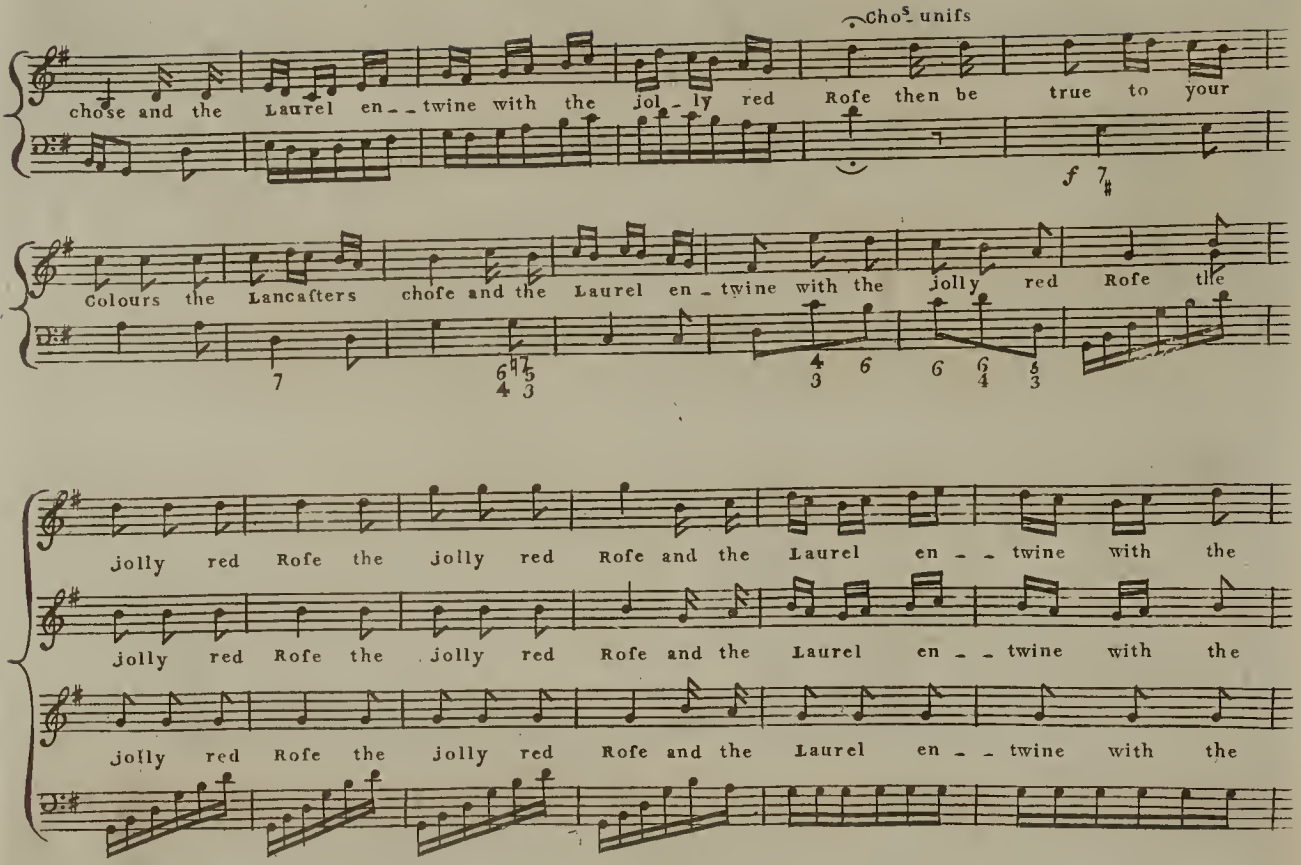
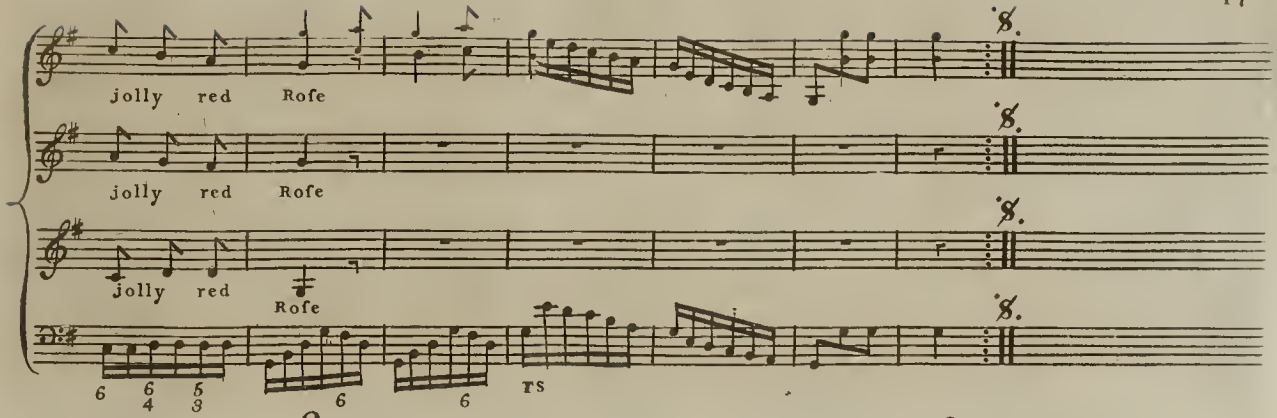

row de row
There havock ſplits his Ear O groans abound
Trumpet
Trumpet found ran tan tan ta rero
twittle tweetle twero
row de row de row de
row dow dow
twittle tweetle twero row de dow
twittle tweetle twero row de row
Then the ſcars he'll bear O
muſkets roar ſmall ſhot pour
rat ta tat ta tero
pop
pop
pop pop pop
twittle tweetle twero


ran tan tan ta rero
row de row de row de
row dow dow
twittle tweetle twero
row dow dow
twittle tweetle twero
row dow dow
What brings up the rear O in comes Death ftops his breath then
good bye valiant Hero and good bye valiant Hero
twittle tweetle twero


ran tan tan ta rero
rat tat tat tat tero
pop
pop
mf
pop pop pop
row de row de row de row dow dow
twittle tweetle twero
row dow dow twittle tweetle twero row dow dow

Sung by Mr Mofs and Chorus of Soldiers


Vivace
T S
Drummer
My tight fel _ _ low
Soldiers pre _ pare for your foes fight a _ _ way for the caufe of the jolly red Rofe never
flinch while you live fhou'd you meet with your death theres no fear that you'll run you'll be
quite out of breath
Then be true to your Colours the Lan _ caf _ ters
T S


Chos unifs
chose and the Laurel en - - twine with the jol - ly red Rofe then be true to your
f
Colours the Lancafters chofe and the Laurel en - twine with the jolly red Rofe the
Jolly red Rofe the Jolly red Rofe and the Laurel en - - twine with the
Jolly red Rofe the Jolly red Rofe and the Laurel en - - twine with the
Jolly red Rofe the Jolly red Rofe and the Laurel en - - twine with the

2

He who follows for honor the Drum or the Fife,
May perhaps have the luck to get honor for life!
And he who for money makes fighting his trade,
Let him now face the foe, he'll be handsomely paid.
Then be true &c.

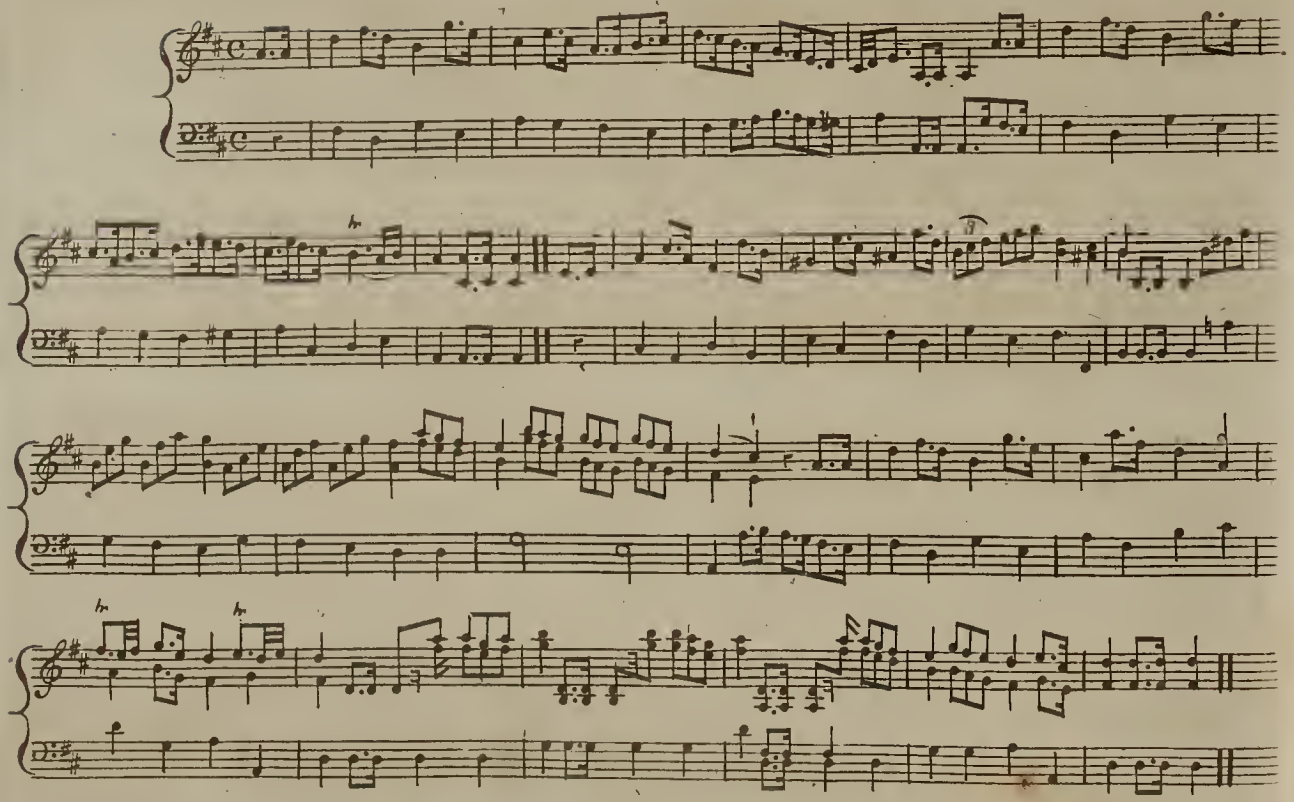
3

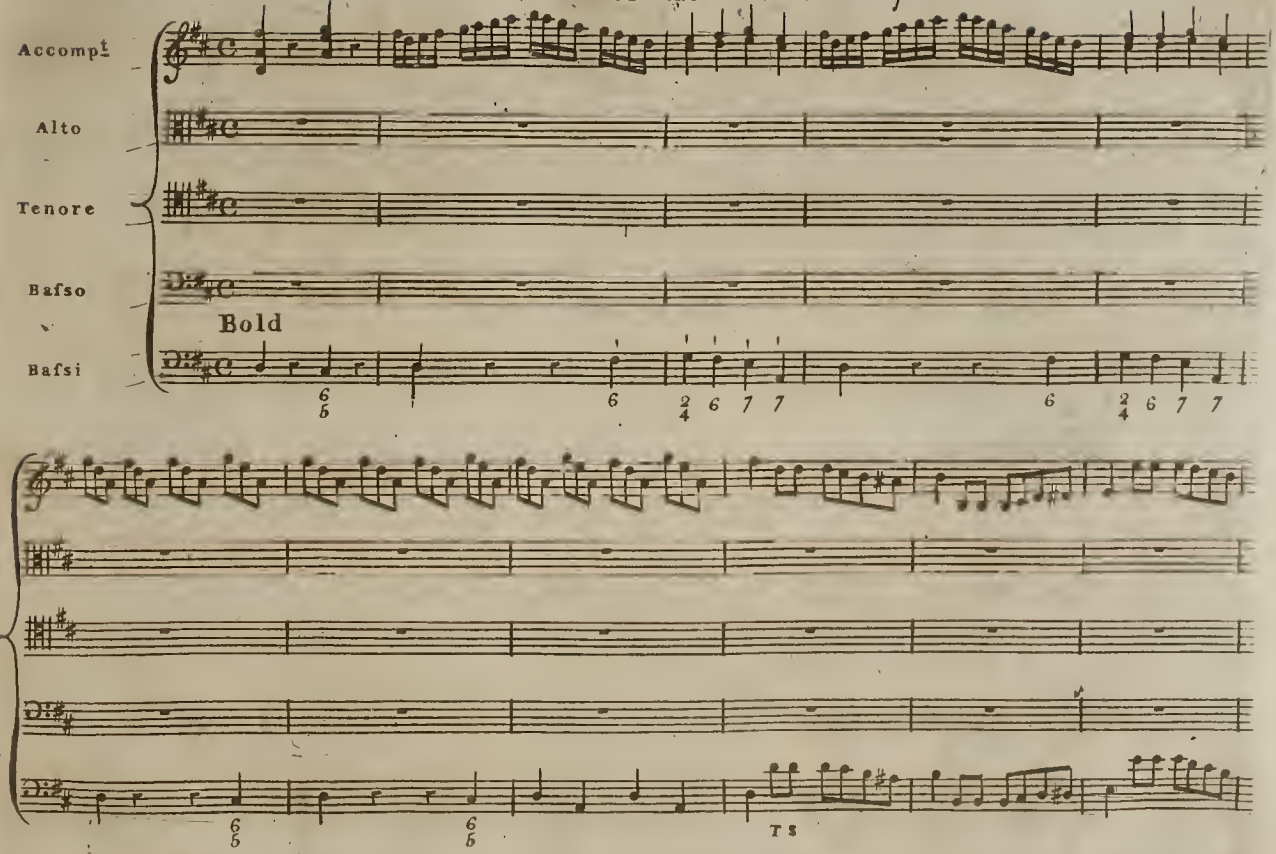
Tho' bullets like hailftones shou'd whiz round your Ears,
Each man muft puſh on, when his orders he hears;
March will ſoon be the word he who ſtops is in fault,
When the Battle is over, you'll all of you halt!
Then be true &c.

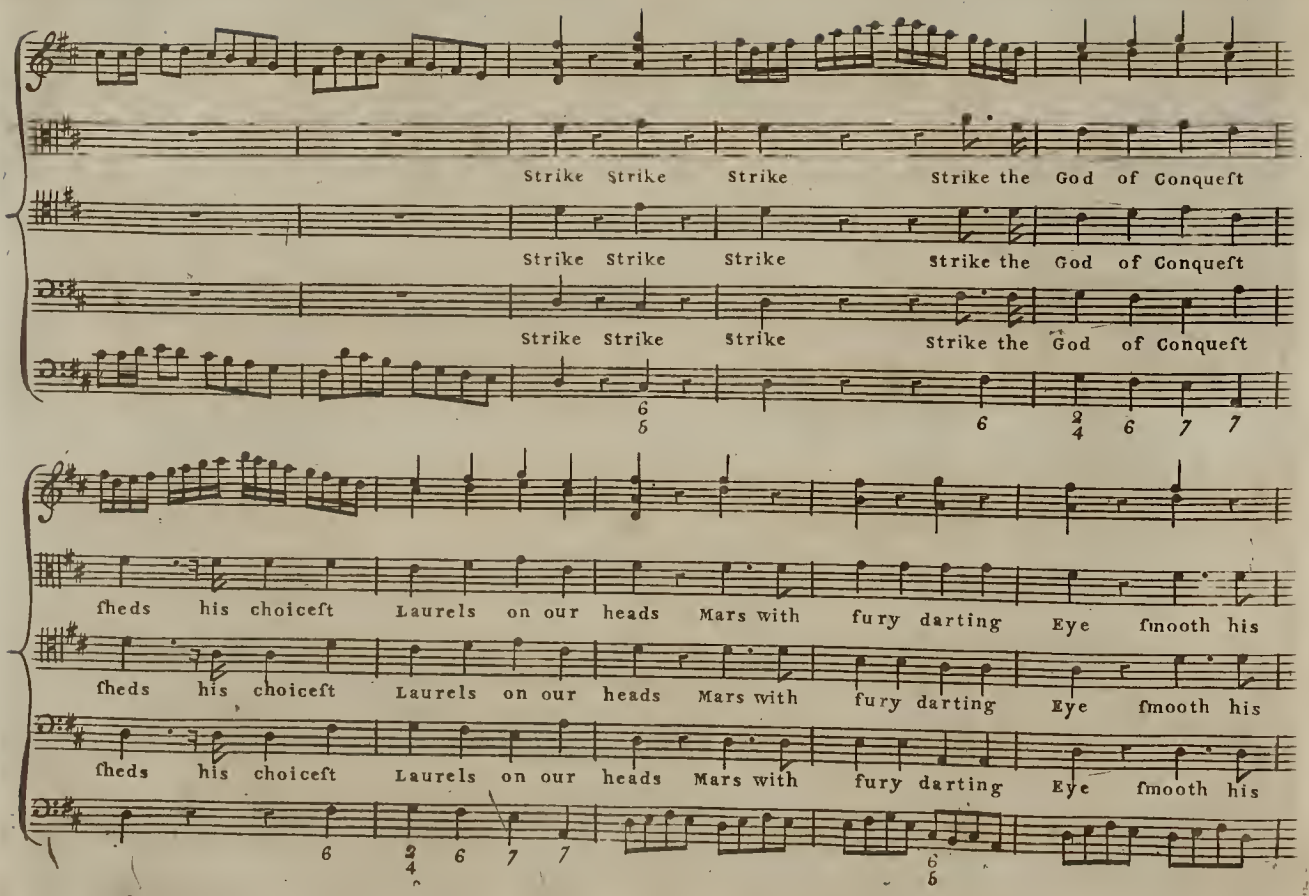
4

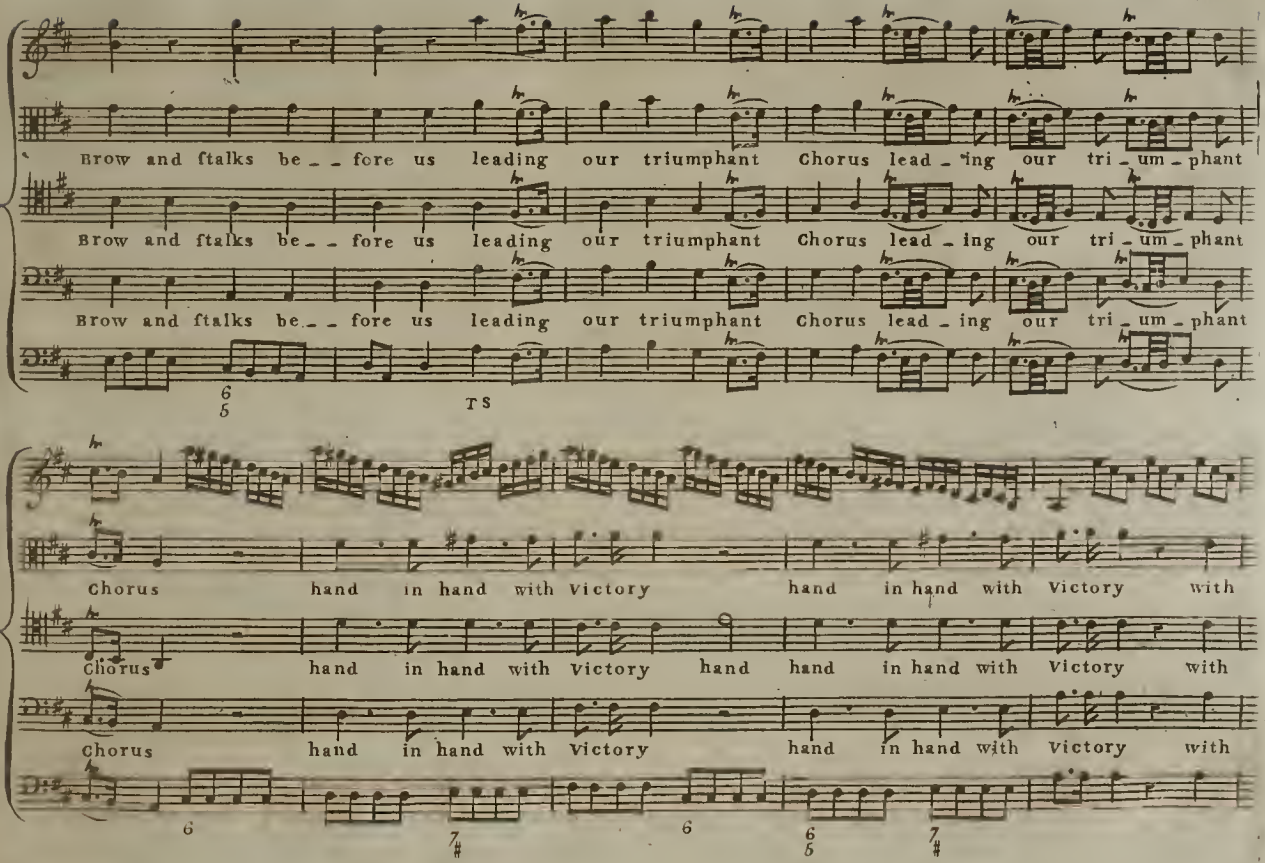
The fight fairly done my brave Boys of the blade,
How we'll talk o'er our Cups, of the havock we've made;
How we'll talk if we once kill a Captain or two,
Of a hundred more fellows, which nobody knew.
Then my tight fellow Soldiers prepare for your foes,
And the Laurel entwine with the jolly red Roſe.

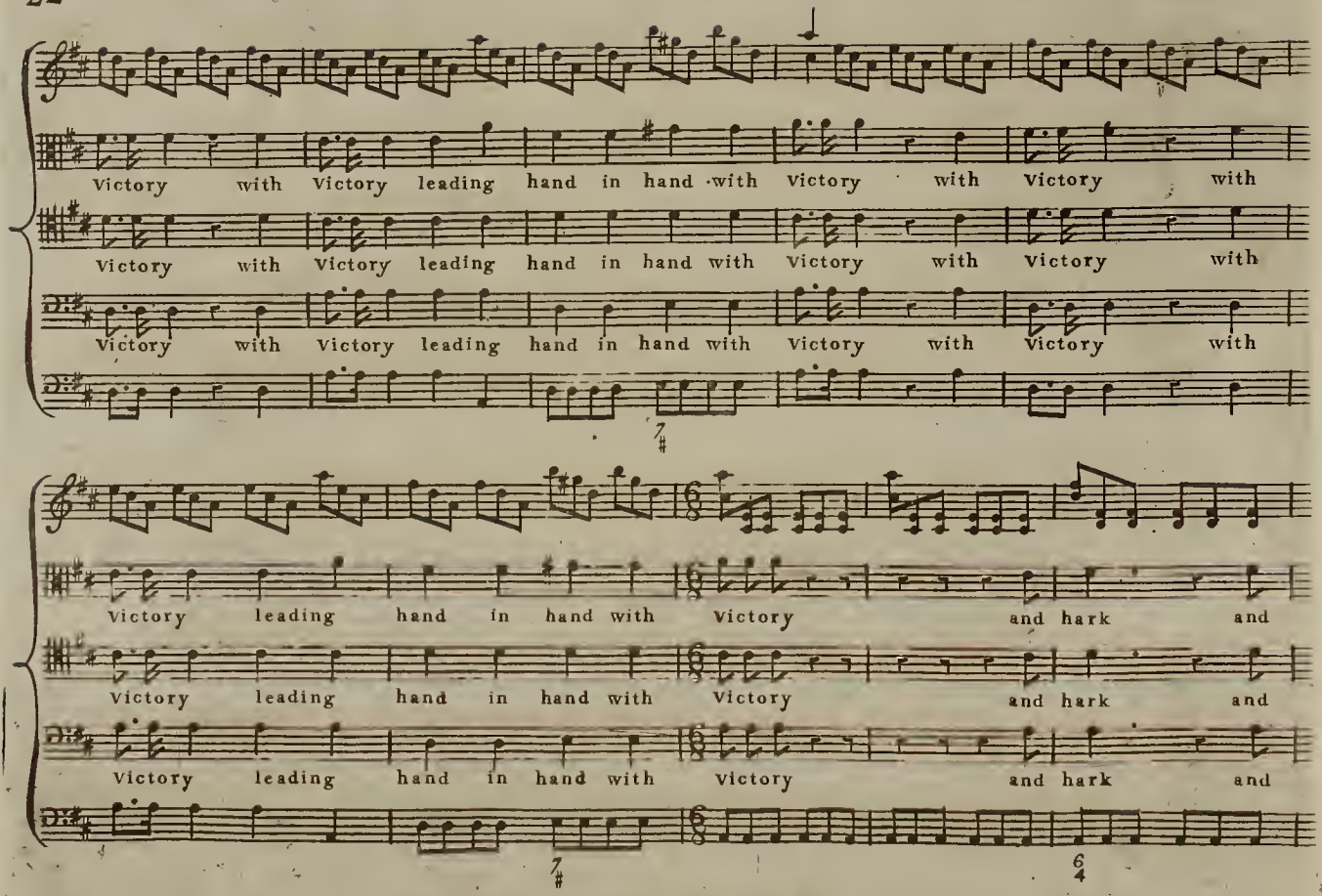
March for the Houſe of York

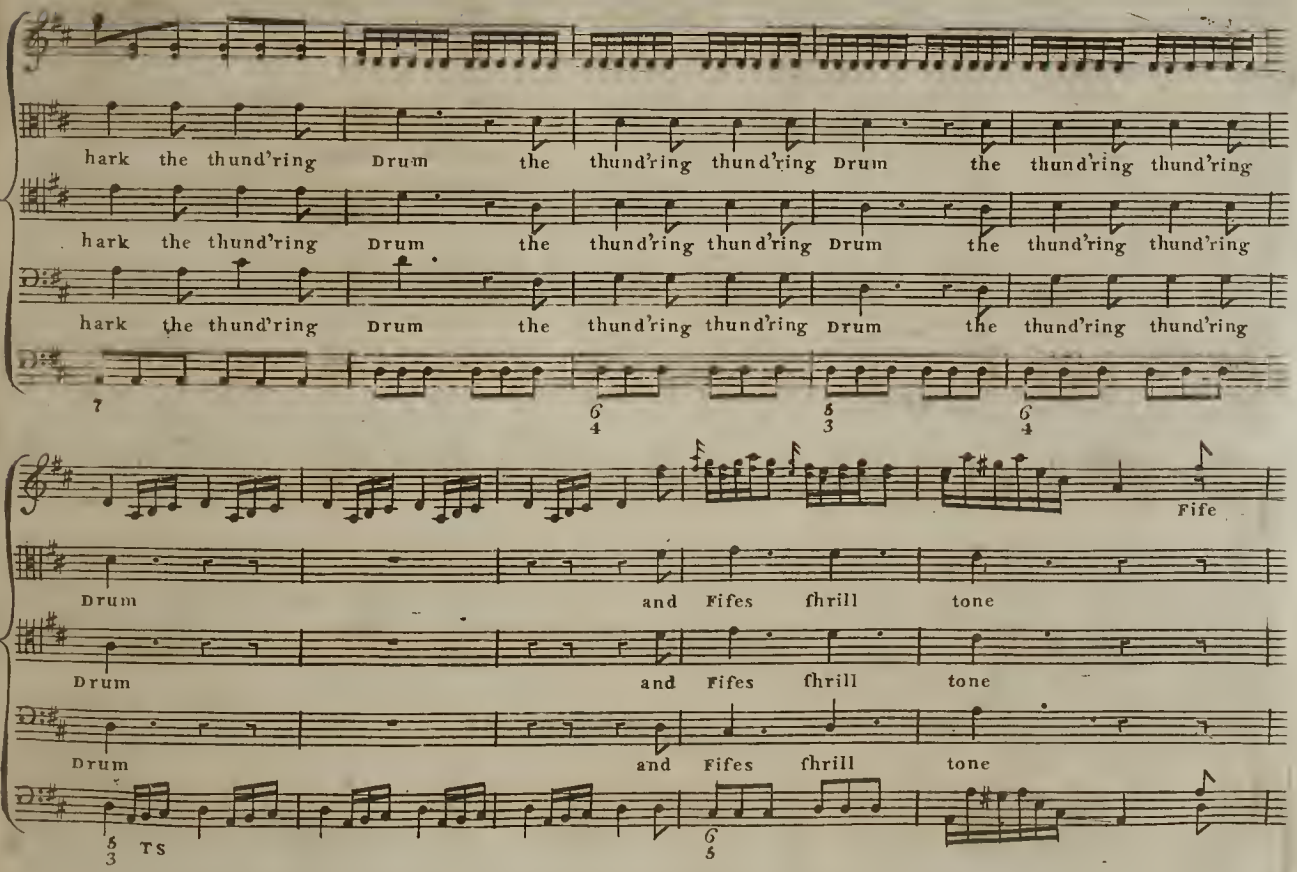


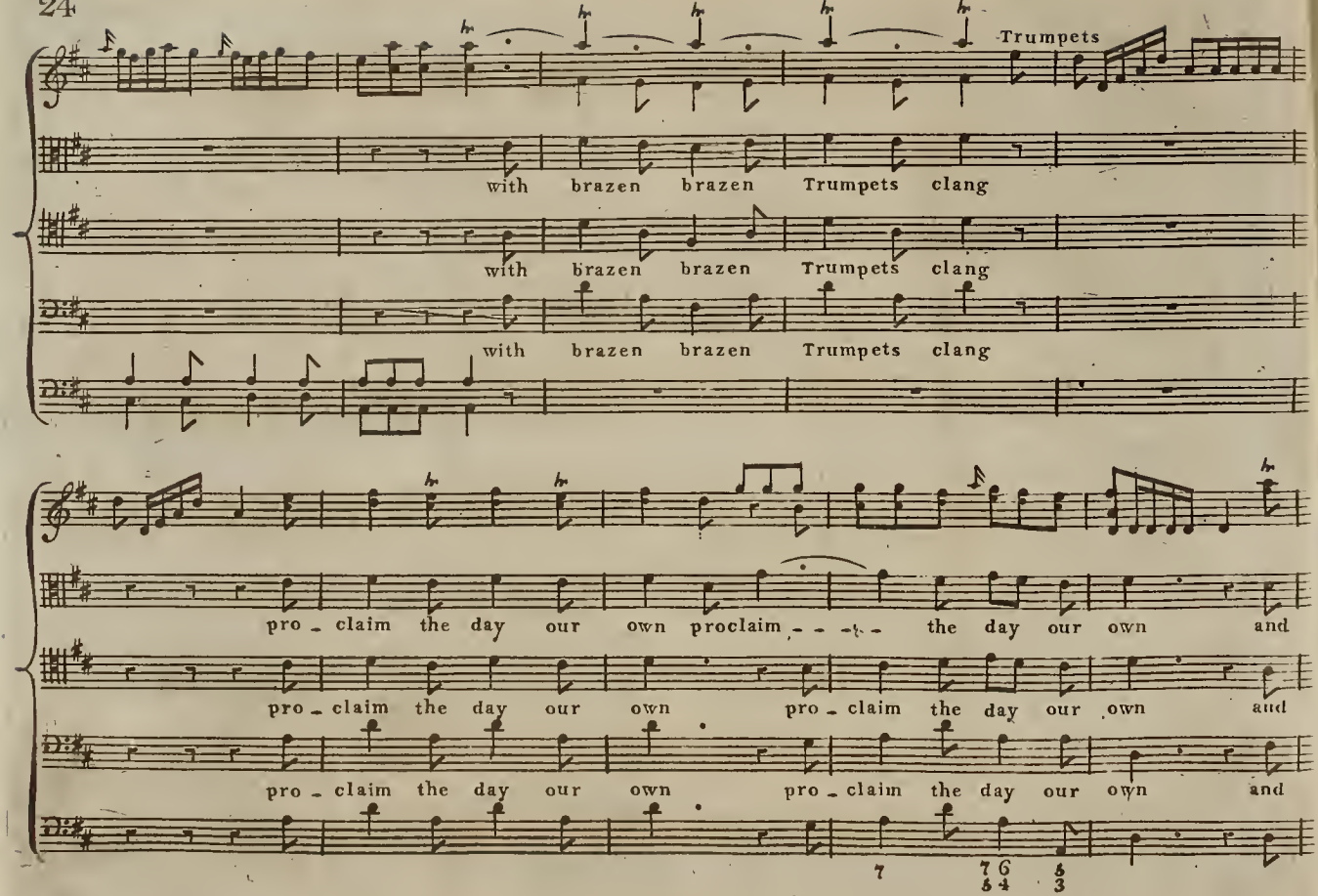

Accompt
Alto
Tenore
Bafso
Bafsi
Bold
T S

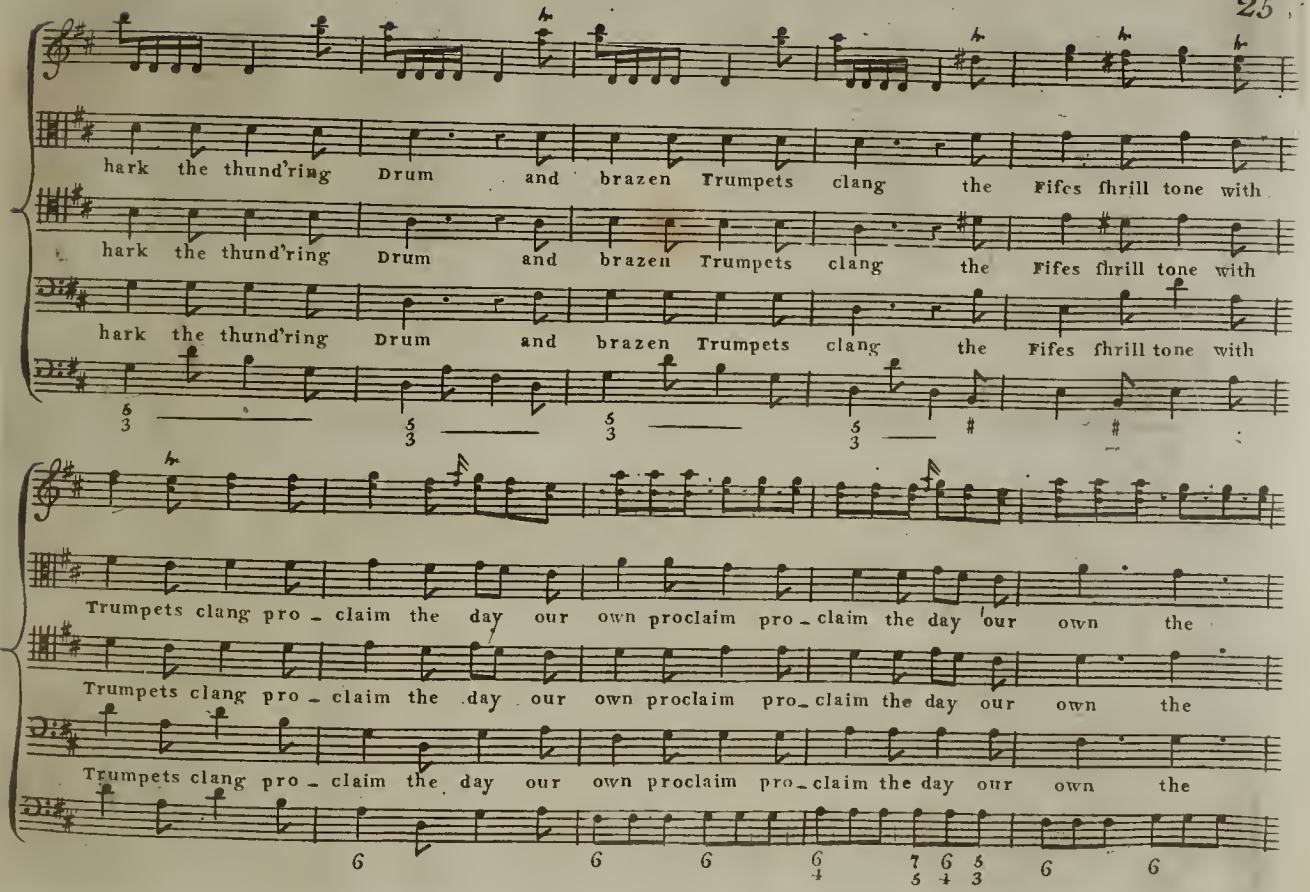

Strike Strike Strike Strike the God of Conqueft
Strike Strike Strike Strike the God of Conqueft
Strike Strike Strike Strike the God of Conqueft
fheds his choiceft Laurels on our heads Mars with fury darting Eye fmooth his
fheds his choiceft Laurels on our heads Mars with fury darting Eye fmooth his
fheds his choiceft Laurels on our heads Mars with fury darting Eye fmooth his

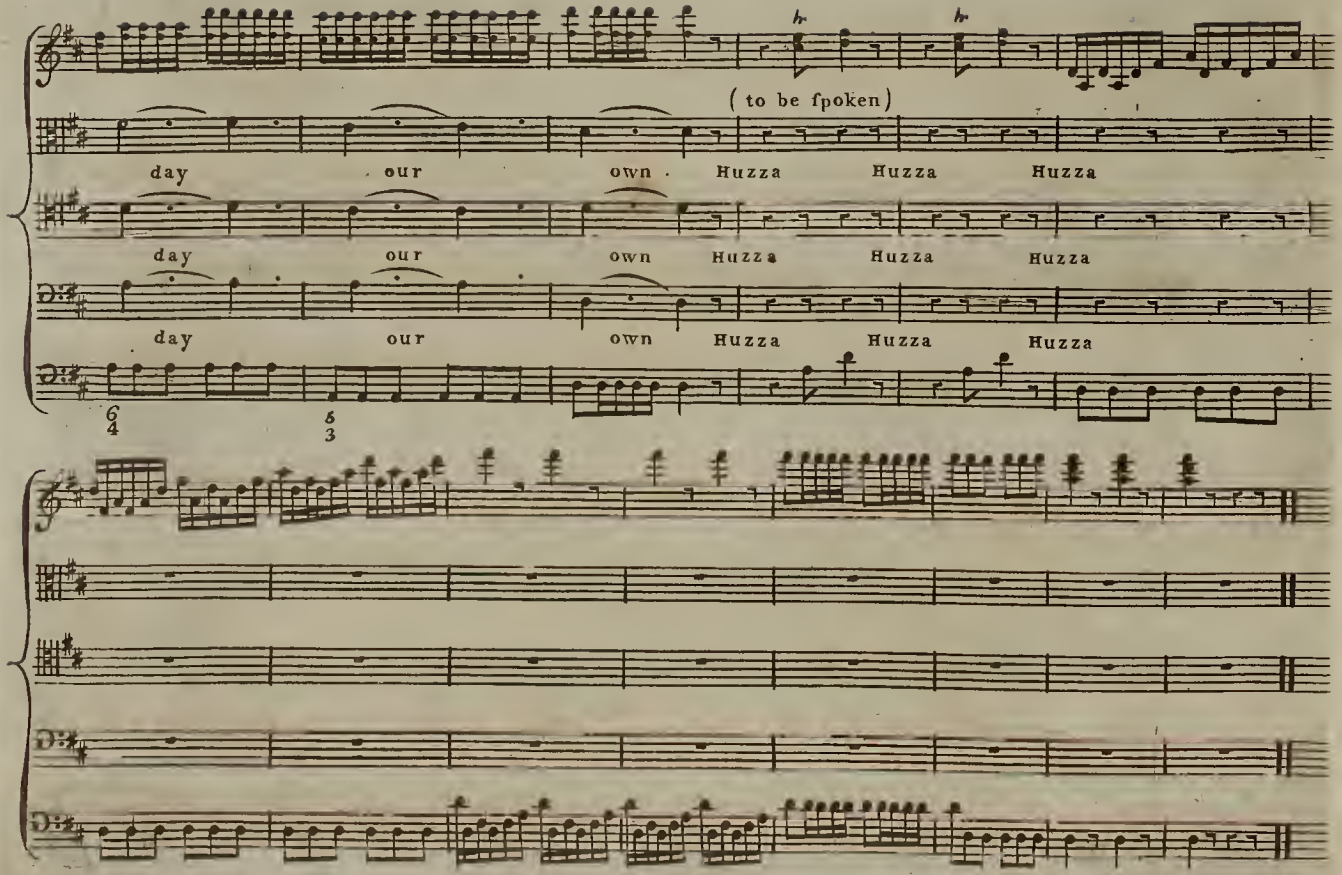

Brow and ftalks be_ _ fore us leading our triumphant Chorus lead_ing our tri_um_phant
Brow and ftalks be_ _ fore us leading our triumphant Chorus lead_ing our tri_um_phant
Brow and ftalks be_ _ fore us leading our triumphant Chorus lead_ing our tri_um_phant
TS
Chorus hand in hand with Victory hand in hand with Victory with
Chorus hand in hand with Victory hand hand in hand with Victory with
Chorus hand in hand with Victory hand in hand with Victory with


Victory with Victory leading hand in hand with Victory with Victory with
Victory with Victory leading hand in hand with Victory with Victory with
Victory with Victory leading hand in hand with Victory with Victory with
Victory leading hand in hand with Victory and hark and
Victory leading hand in hand with Victory and hark and
Victory leading hand in hand with Victory and hark and


hark the thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring
hark the thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring
hark the thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring Drum the thund'ring thund'ring
7
6 4
6 3
6 4
Fife
Drum and Fifes shrill tone
Drum and Fifes shrill tone
Drum and Fifes shrill tone
6 3 TS
6 5

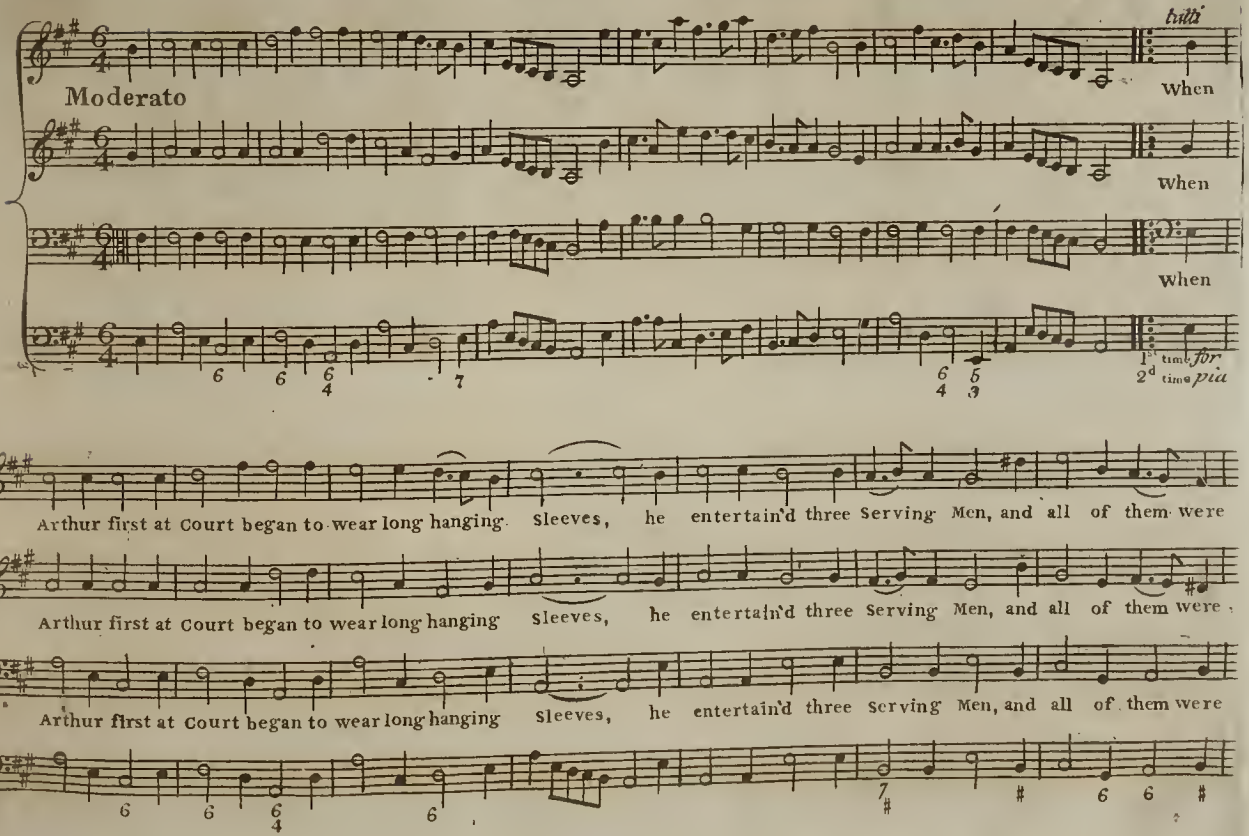

Trumpets
with brazen brazen Trumpets clang
with brazen brazen Trumpets clang
with brazen brazen Trumpets clang
pro - claim the day our own proclaim - - - - the day our own and
pro - claim the day our own pro - claim the day our own and
pro - claim the day our own pro - claim the day our own and
7
7 6
6 4
5
3

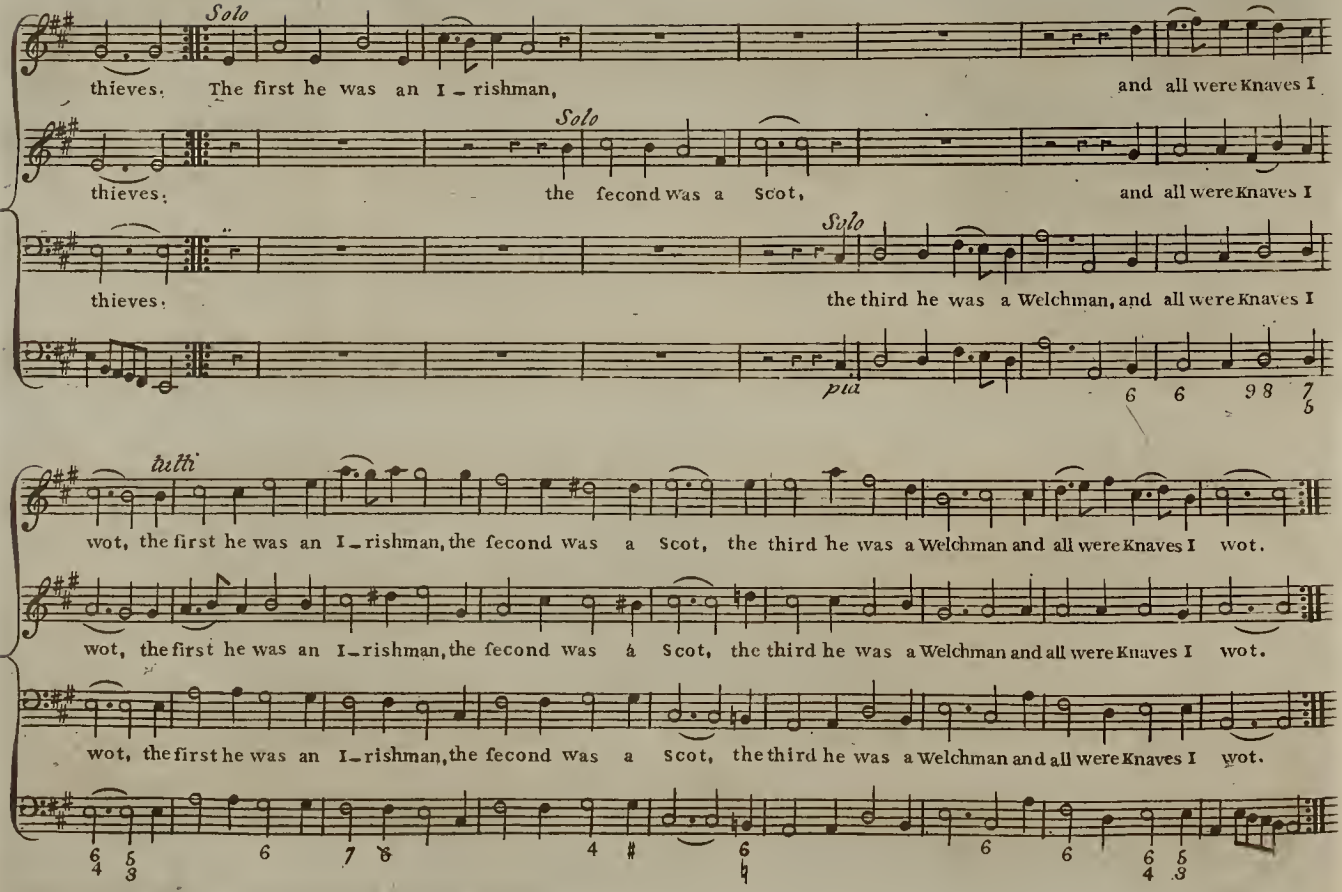

hark the thund'ring Drum and brazen Trumpets clang the Fifes shrill tone with
hark the thund'ring Drum and brazen Trumpets clang the Fifes shrill tone with
hark the thund'ring Drum and brazen Trumpets clang the Fifes shrill tone with
Trumpets clang pro - claim the day our own proclaim pro - claim the day our own the
Trumpets clang pro - claim the day our own proclaim pro - claim the day our own the
Trumpets clang pro - claim the day our own proclaim pro - claim the day our own the

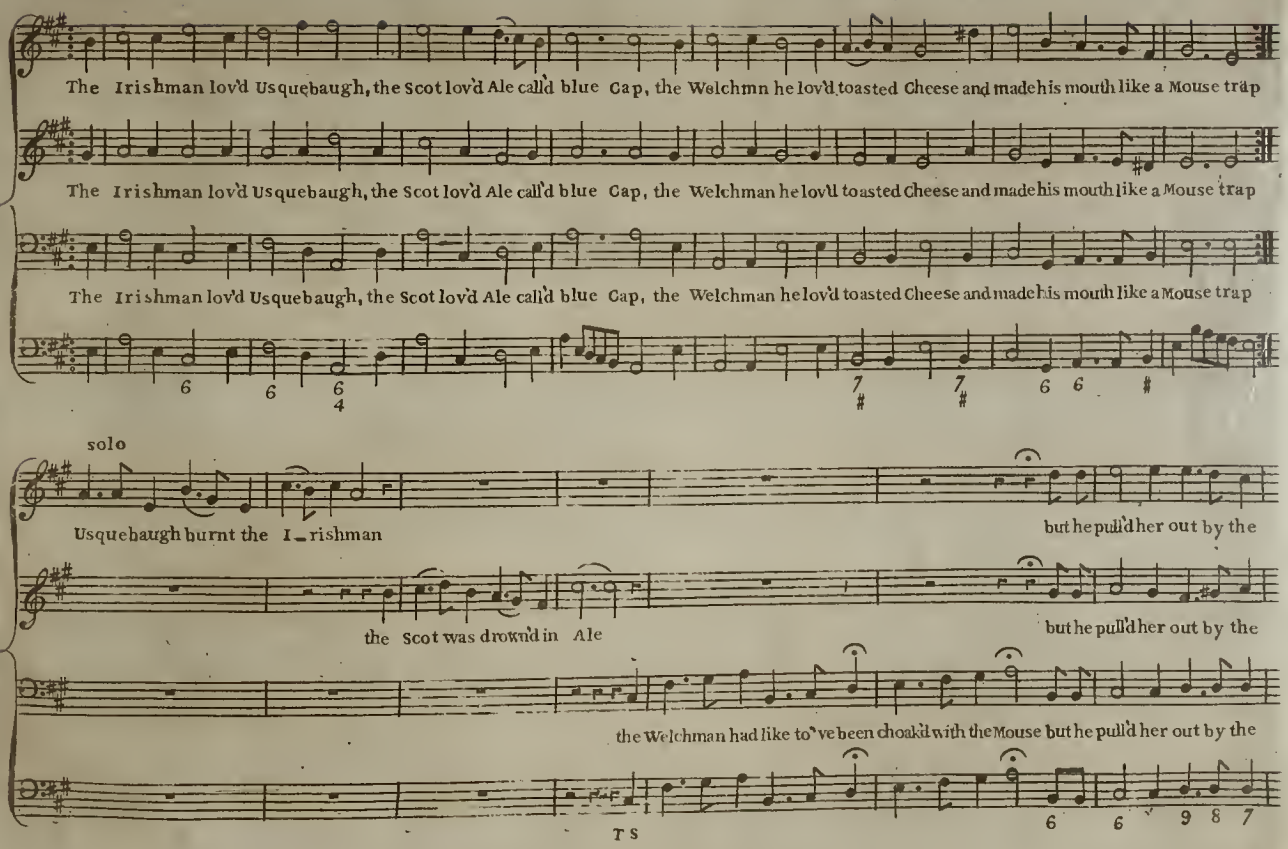

(to be ſpoken)
day our own Huzza Huzza Huzza
day our own Huzza Huzza Huzza
day our own Huzza Huzza Huzza

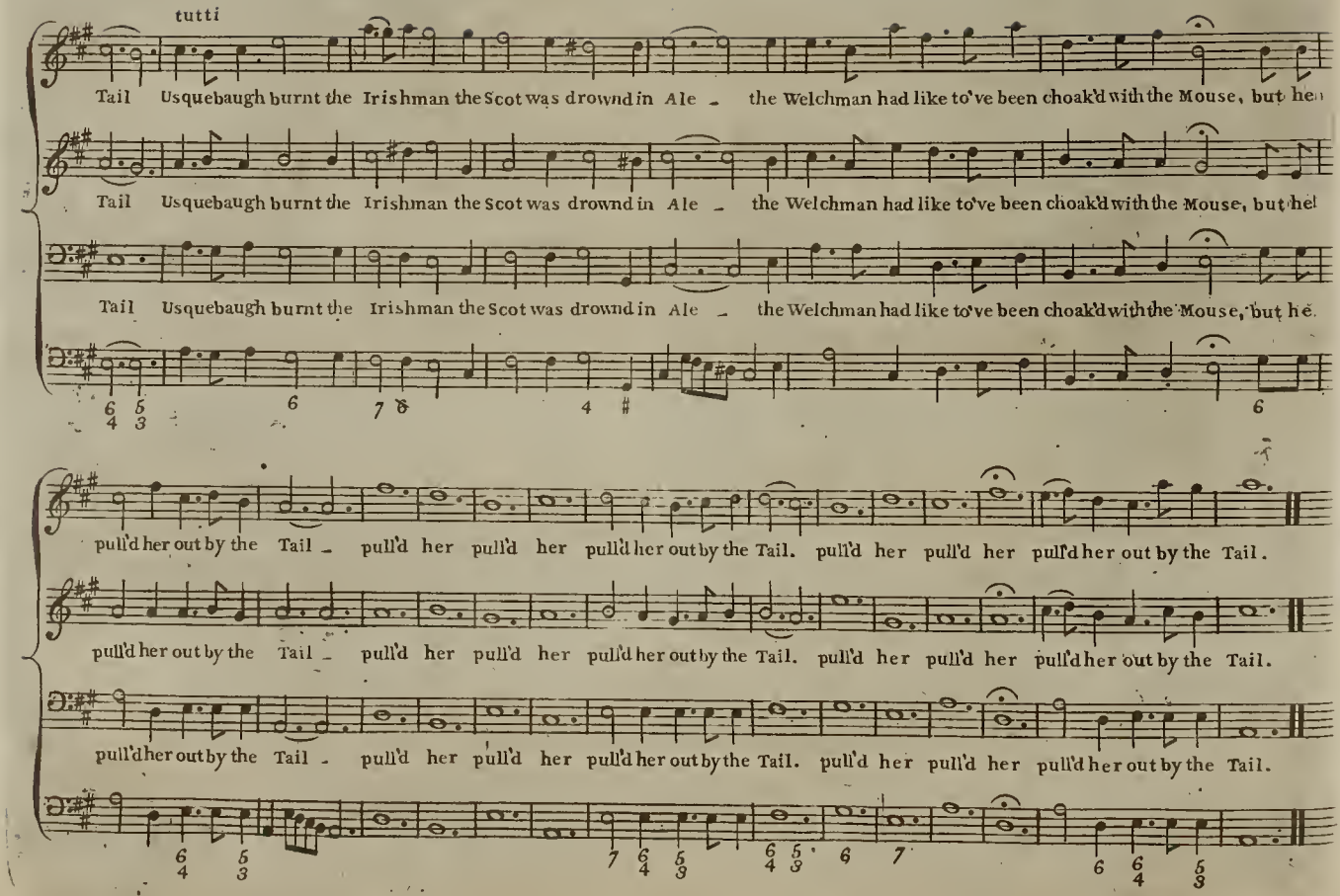
Glee

Sung by Mesrs. Bannister, Davis, Reeve, Mathews, and Chorus of Robbers.


Moderato
When
When
When
1st time for
2d time più
Arthur first at Court began to wear long hanging Sleeves, he entertain'd three Serving Men, and all of them were
Arthur first at Court began to wear long hanging Sleeves, he entertain'd three Serving Men, and all of them were
Arthur first at Court began to wear long hanging Sleeves, he entertain'd three Serving Men, and all of them were

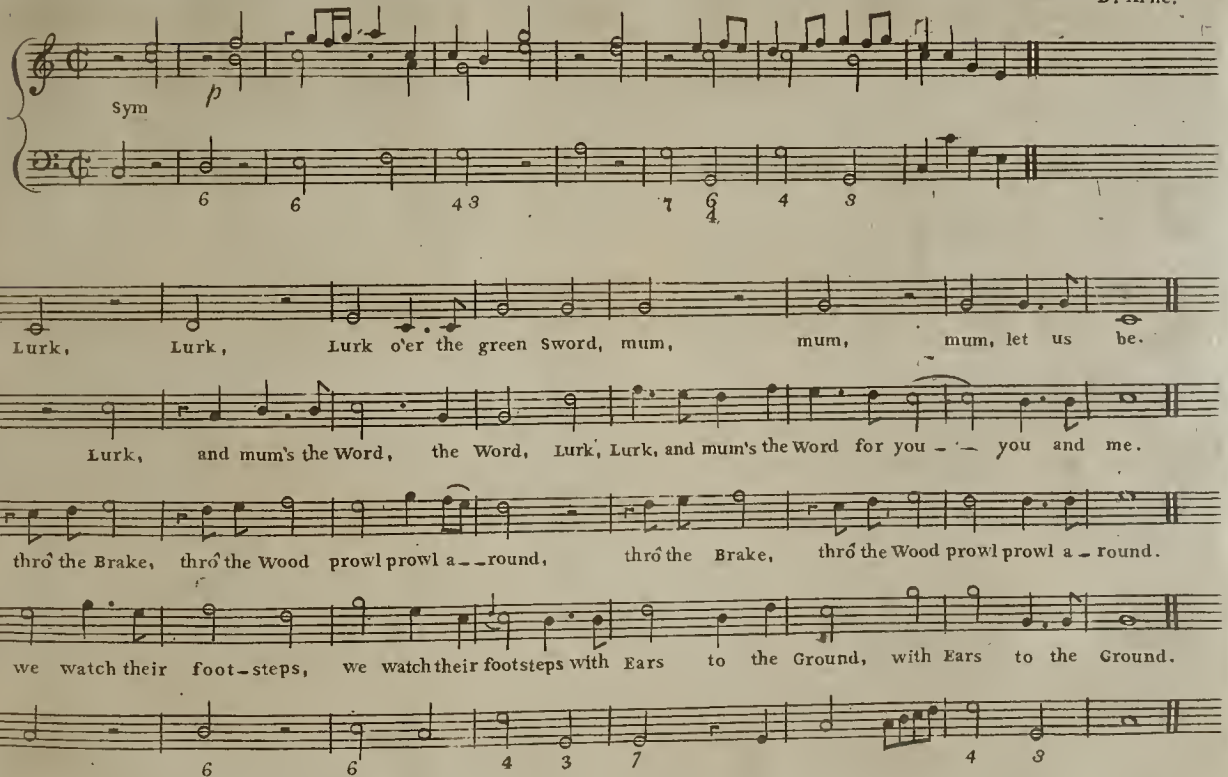

Solo
thieves. The first he was an I – rishman, and all were Knaves I
Solo
thieves; the fecond was a Scot, and all were Knaves I
Solo
thieves; the third he was a Welchman, and all were Knaves I
pia
tutti
wot, the first he was an I – rishman, the fecond was a Scot, the third he was a Welchman and all were Knaves I wot.
wot, the first he was an I – rishman, the fecond was a Scot, the third he was a Welchman and all were Knaves I wot.
wot, the first he was an I – rishman, the fecond was a Scot, the third he was a Welchman and all were Knaves I wot.


The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh, the Scot lov'd Ale call'd blue Cap, the Welchmn he lov'd toasted Cheese and made his mouth like a Mouse trap
The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh, the Scot lov'd Ale call'd blue Cap, the Welchman he lov'd toasted Cheese and made his mouth like a Mouse trap
The Irishman lov'd Usquebaugh, the Scot lov'd Ale call'd blue Cap, the Welchman he lov'd toasted Cheese and made his mouth like a Mouse trap
solo
Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman
but he pull'd her out by the
the Scot was drown'd in Ale
but he pull'd her out by the
the Welchman had like to've been choak'd with the Mouse but he pull'd her out by the
T S

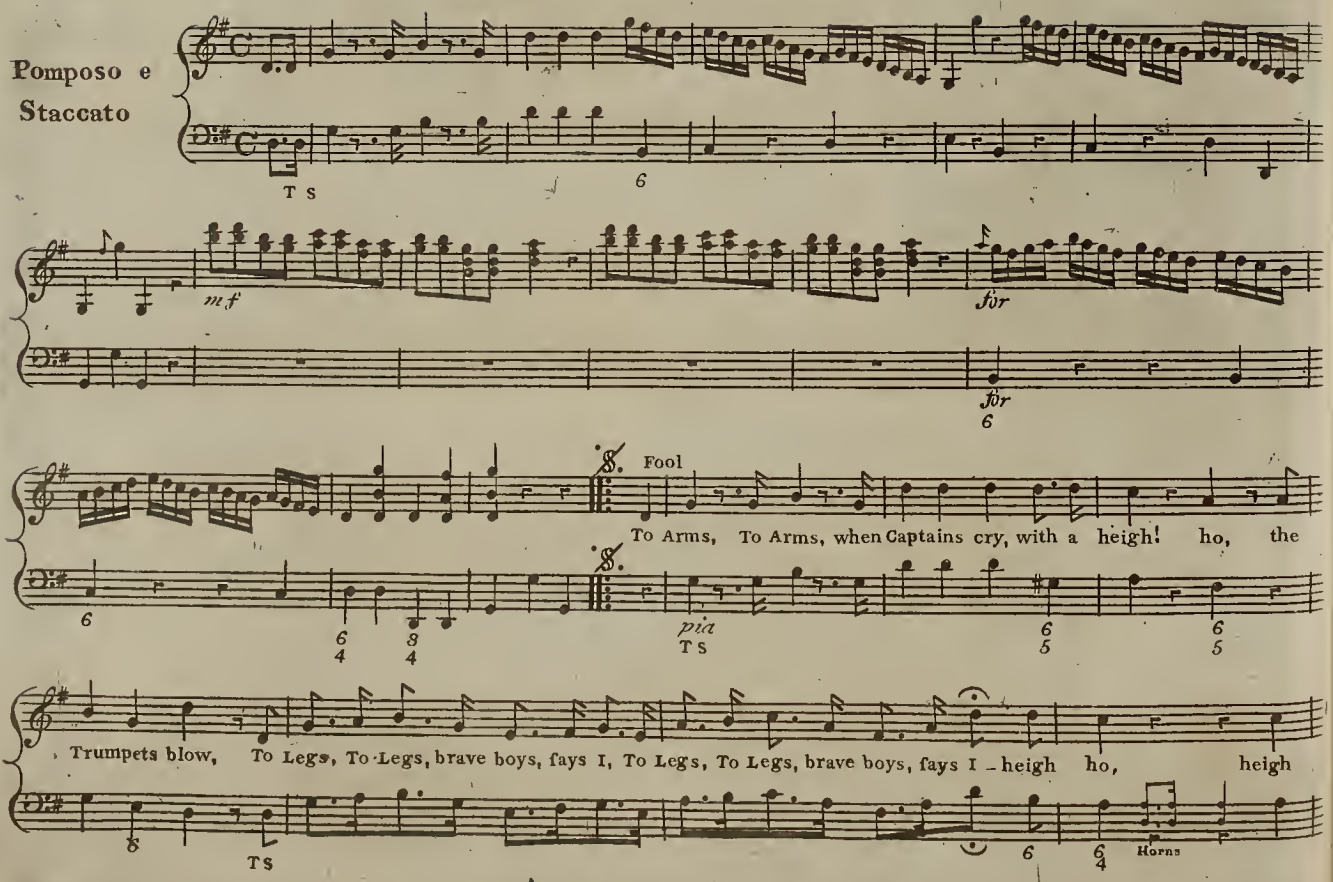

tutti
Tail Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman the Scot was drownd in Ale – the Welchman had like to've been choak'd with the Mouse, but he
Tail Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman the Scot was drownd in Ale – the Welchman had like to've been choak'd with the Mouse, but he
Tail Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman the Scot was drownd in Ale – the Welchman had like to've been choak'd with the Mouse, but he.
pull'd her out by the Tail – pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail. pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail.
pull'd her out by the Tail – pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail. pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail.
pull'd her out by the Tail – pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail. pull'd her pull'd her pull'd her out by the Tail.

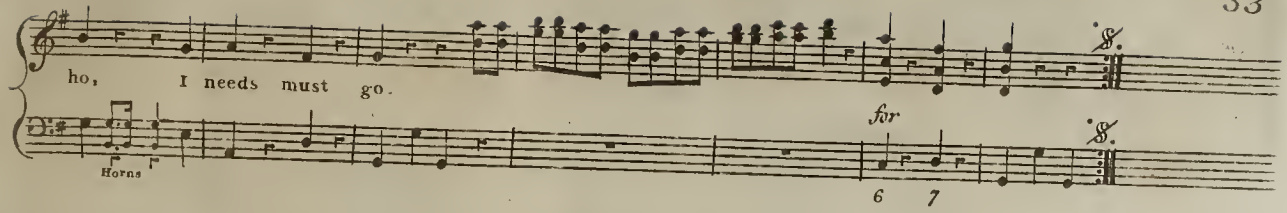
Catch Sung by Mesſrs. Bannister, Davis, Reeve, Mathews, and Chorus of Robbers.

Dr. Arne.


Sym
p
Lurk, Lurk, Lurk o'er the green Sword, mum, mum, mum, let us be.
Lurk, and mum's the Word, the Word, Lurk, Lurk, and mum's the Word for you — you and me.
thro' the Brake, thro' the Wood prowl prowl a — round, thro' the Brake, thro' the Wood prowl prowl a — round.
we watch their foot-steps, we watch their footsteps with Ears to the Ground, with Ears to the Ground.

Sung by Mr. R. Palmer





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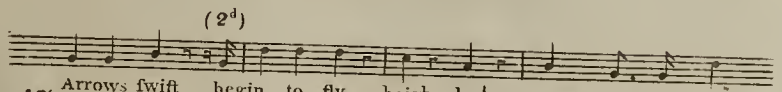
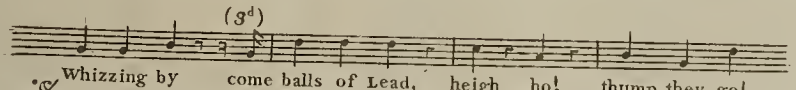


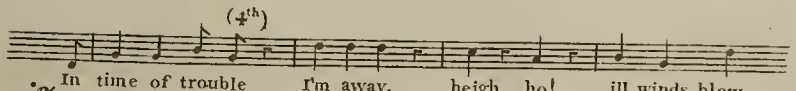
Arrows fwift begin to fly, heigh ho! twang goes the Bow,
And Soldiers tumble down and Die,
Heigh ho! I'll not do fo.

(3d)



Whizzing by come balls of Lead, heigh ho! thump they go!
Tall Men get fhorter by the head,
Heigh ho! I'd rather grow.

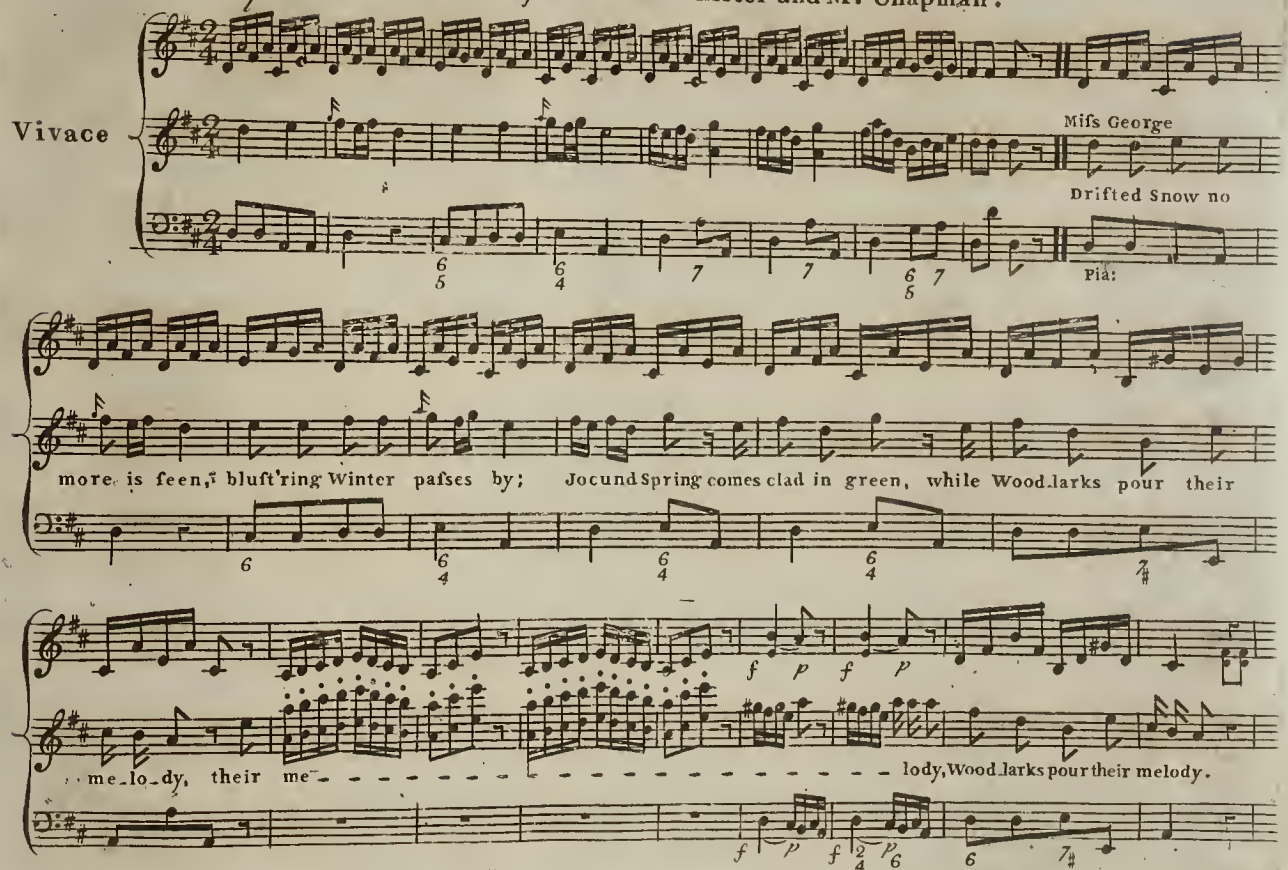
(4th)



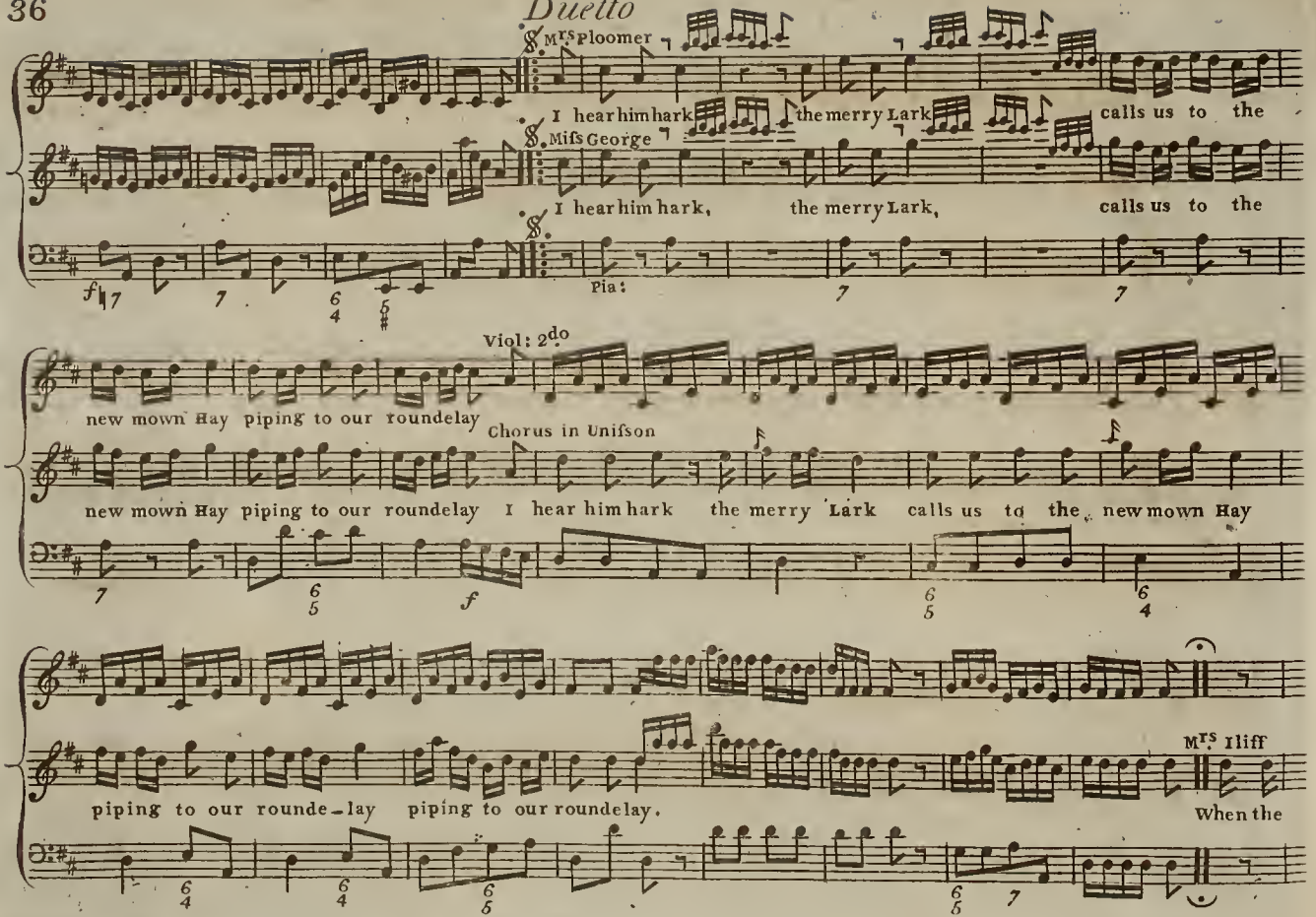
In time of trouble I'm away, heigh ho! ill winds blow,
But always ready at Pay Day,
Heigh ho! great folks do fo.

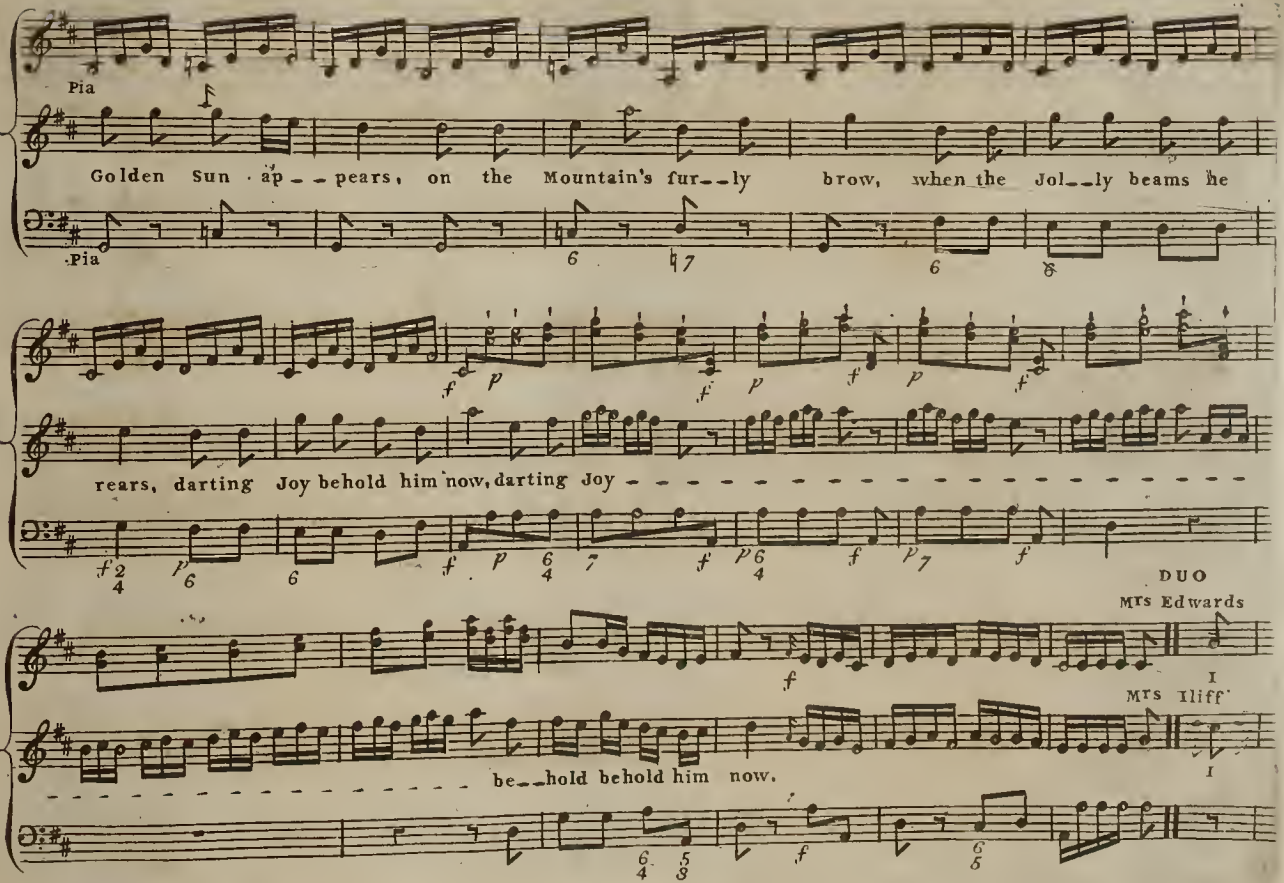
Roundelay

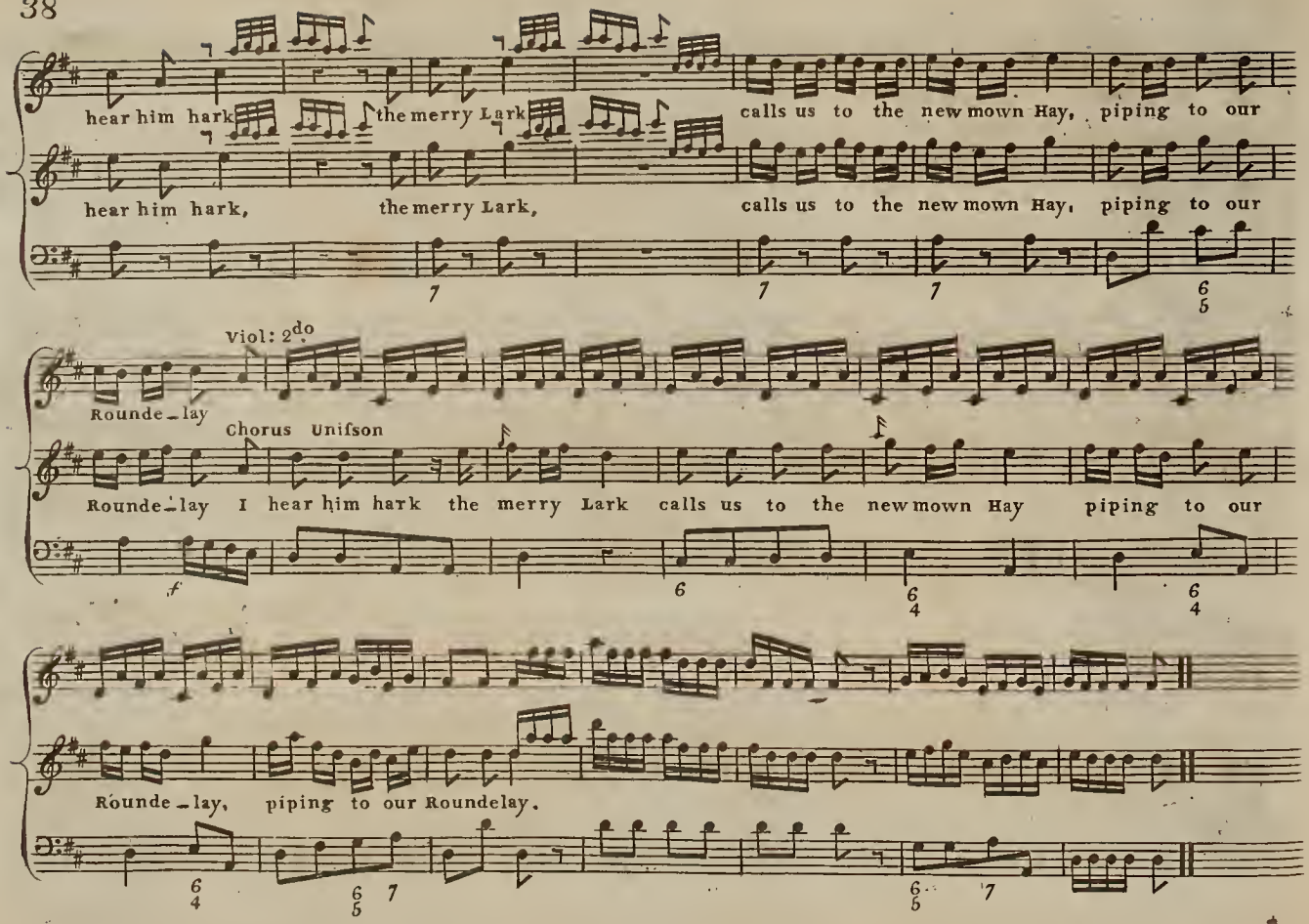
Sung by Mifs George Mrs. Iliff Mrs. Plomer Mrs. Edwards Mrs. Taylor Mrs. Bannister and Mr. Chapman.

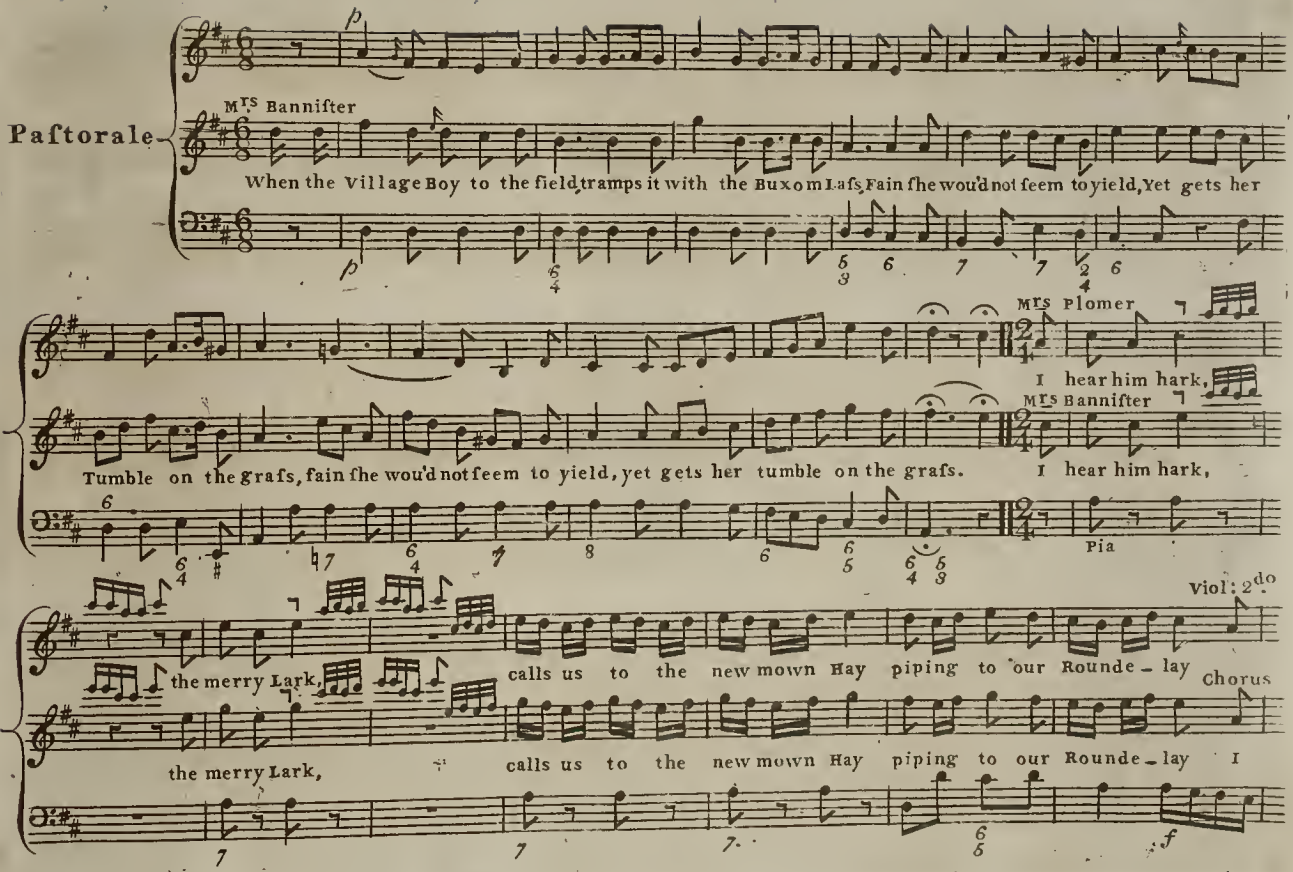

Vivace
Mifs George
Drifted Snow no
Pia:
more is feen, bluft'ring Winter paſses by; Jocund Spring comes clad in green, while Wood larks pour their
f p f p
me lo dy, their me
lody, Wood larks pour their melody.
f p f p

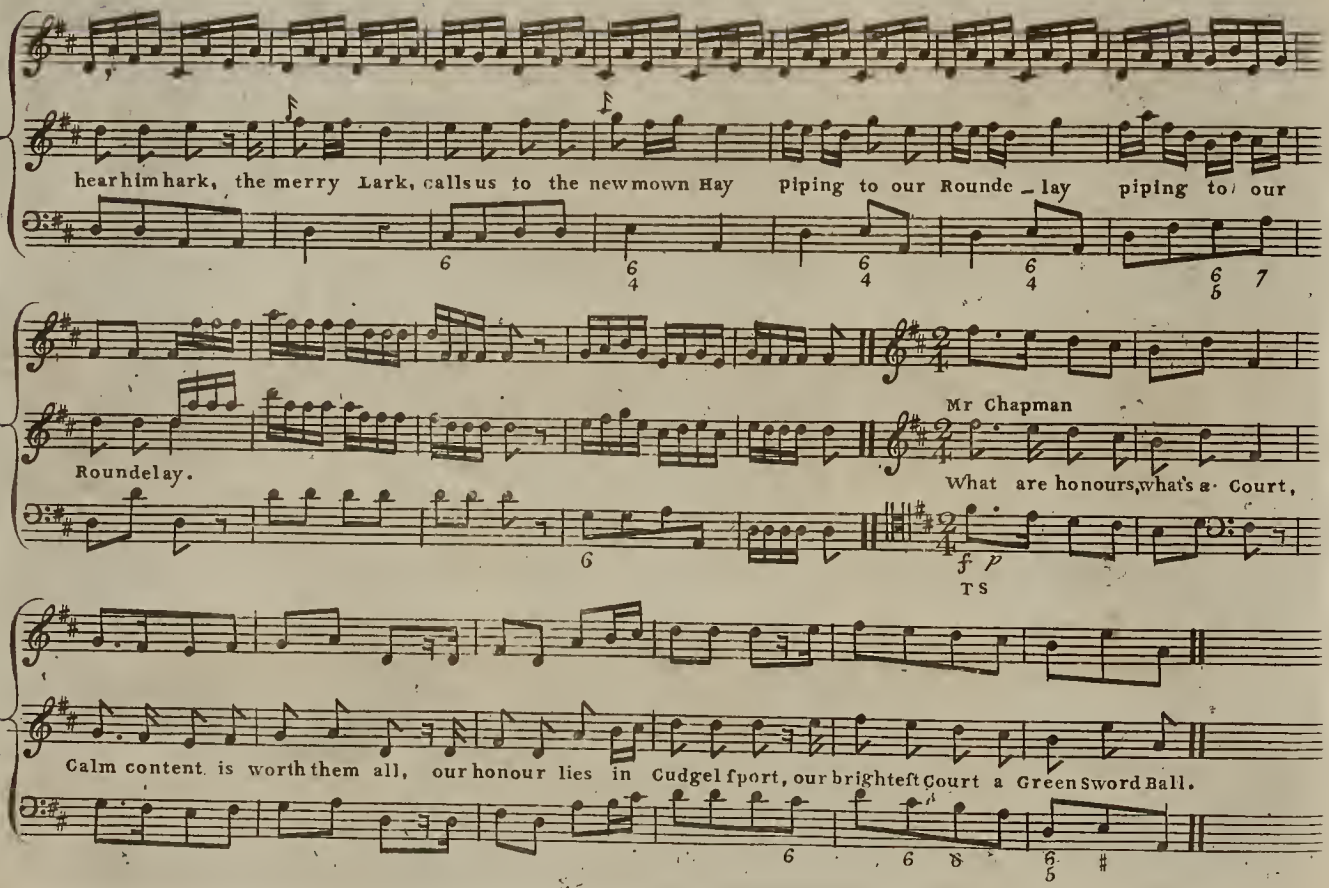
Duetto

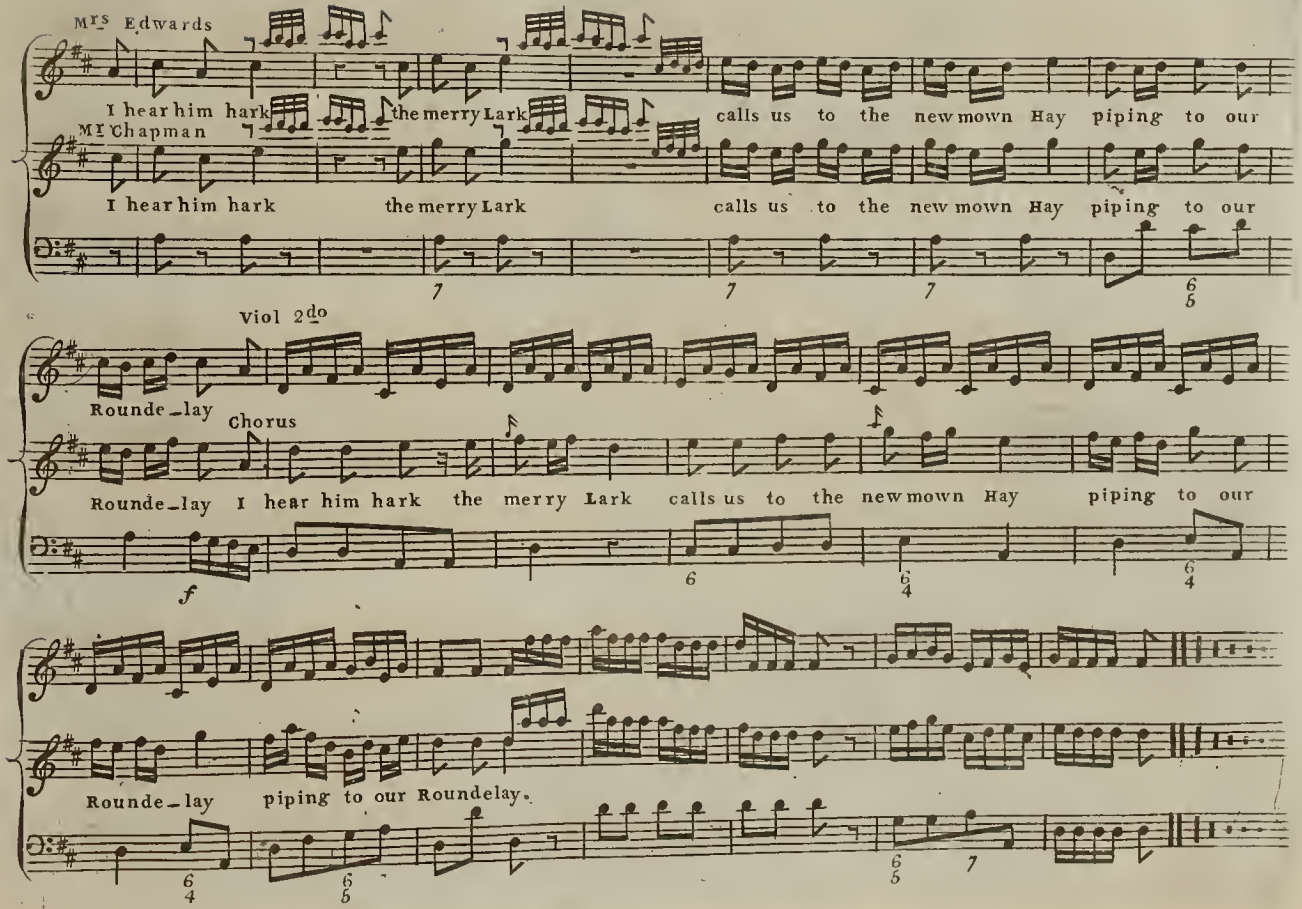

Mrs Ploomer
I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the
Miss George
I hear him hark, the merry Lark, calls us to the
Pia:
Viol: 2do
new mown Hay piping to our roundelay
Chorus in Unison
new mown Hay piping to our roundelay I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay
piping to our roundelay piping to our roundelay.
Mrs Iliff
When the


Pia
Golden Sun ap--pears, on the Mountain's fur--ly brow, when the Jol--ly beams he
Pia
rears, darting Joy behold him now, darting Joy
DUO
Mrs Edwards
Mrs Iliff
be--hold behold him now.


hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay, piping to our
hear him hark, the merry Lark, calls us to the new mown Hay, piping to our
Viol: 2do
Roundelay
Chorus Unifson
Roundelay I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our
Roundelay, piping to our Roundelay.


Paſtorale
Mrs Bannifter
When the Village Boy to the field tramps it with the Buxom Laſs, Fain ſhe wou'd not ſeem to yield, Yet gets her
Mrs Plomer
I hear him hark,
Mrs Bannifter
Tumble on the graſs, fain ſhe wou'd not ſeem to yield, yet gets her tumble on the graſs. I hear him hark,
Pia
Viol: 2do
the merry Lark,
calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our Rounde-lay
Chorus
the merry Lark,
calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our Rounde-lay I


hear him hark, the merry Lark, calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our Roundc _ lay piping to our
Roundelay.
Mr Chapman
What are honours, what's a Court,
f p
TS
Calm content is worth them all, our honour lies in Cudgel sport, our brightest Court a Green Sword Ball.


Mrs Edwards
I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our
Mr Chapman
I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our
Viol 2do
Roundelay
Chorus
Roundelay I hear him hark the merry Lark calls us to the new mown Hay piping to our
Roundelay piping to our Roundelay.

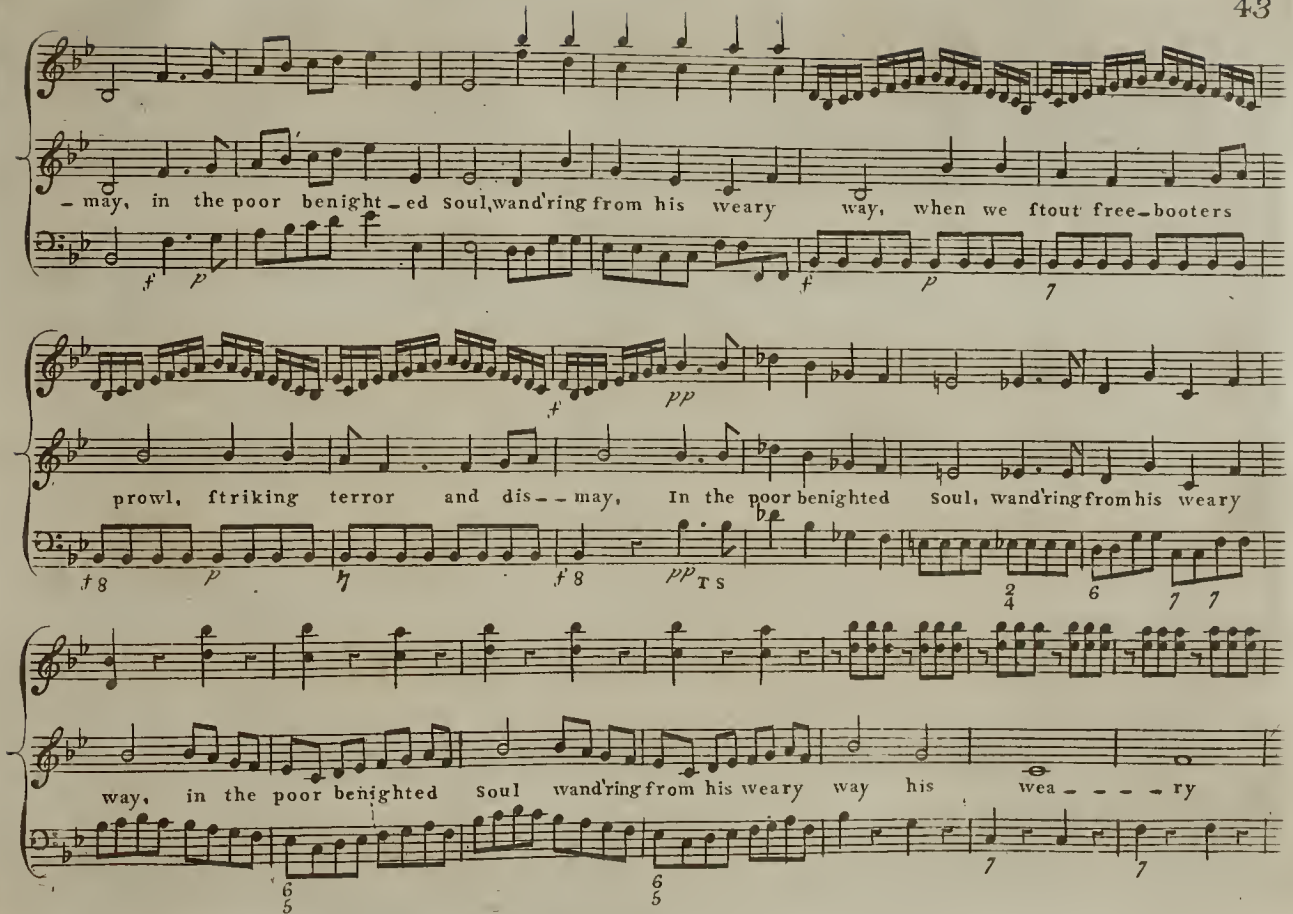
Sung by Mr. Bannister

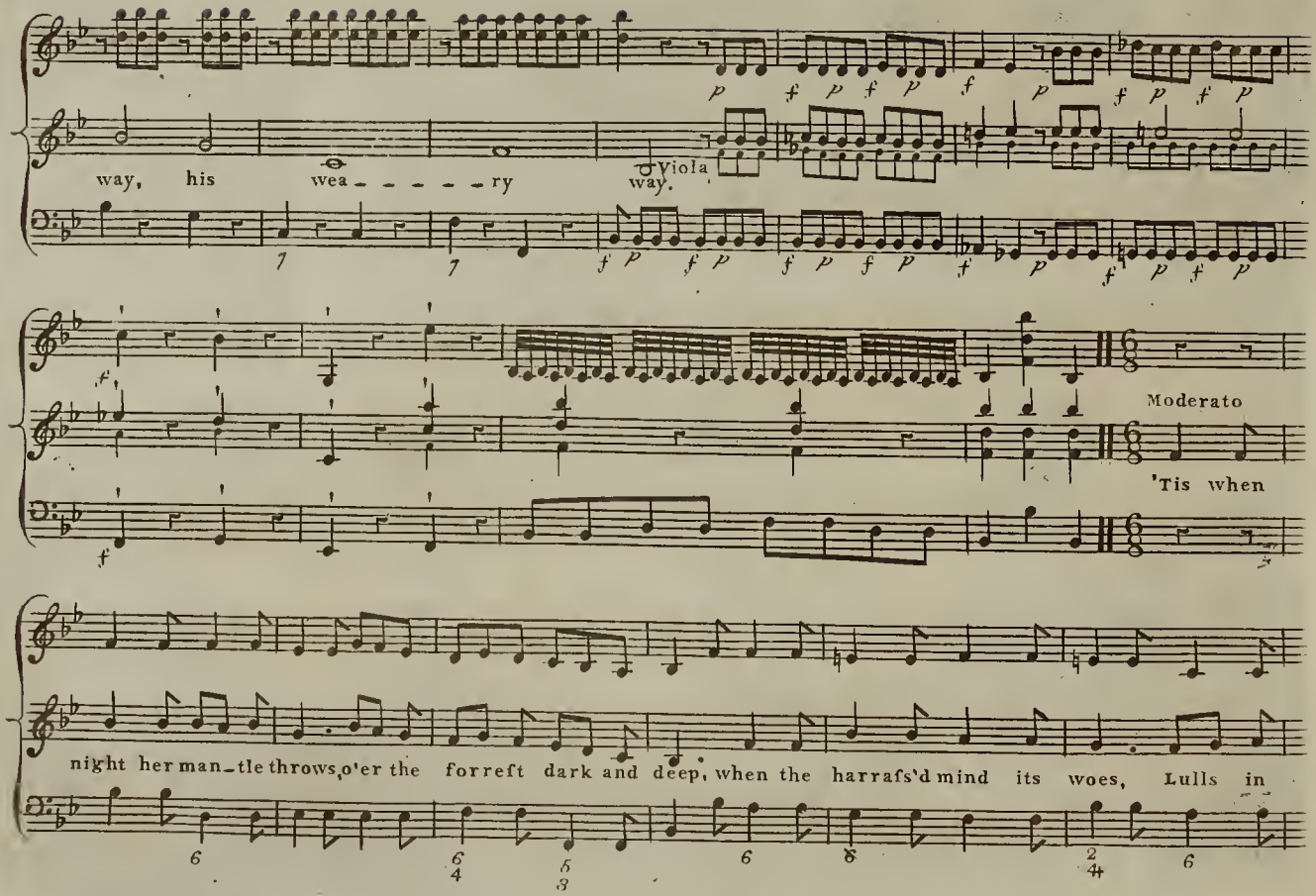
Bold

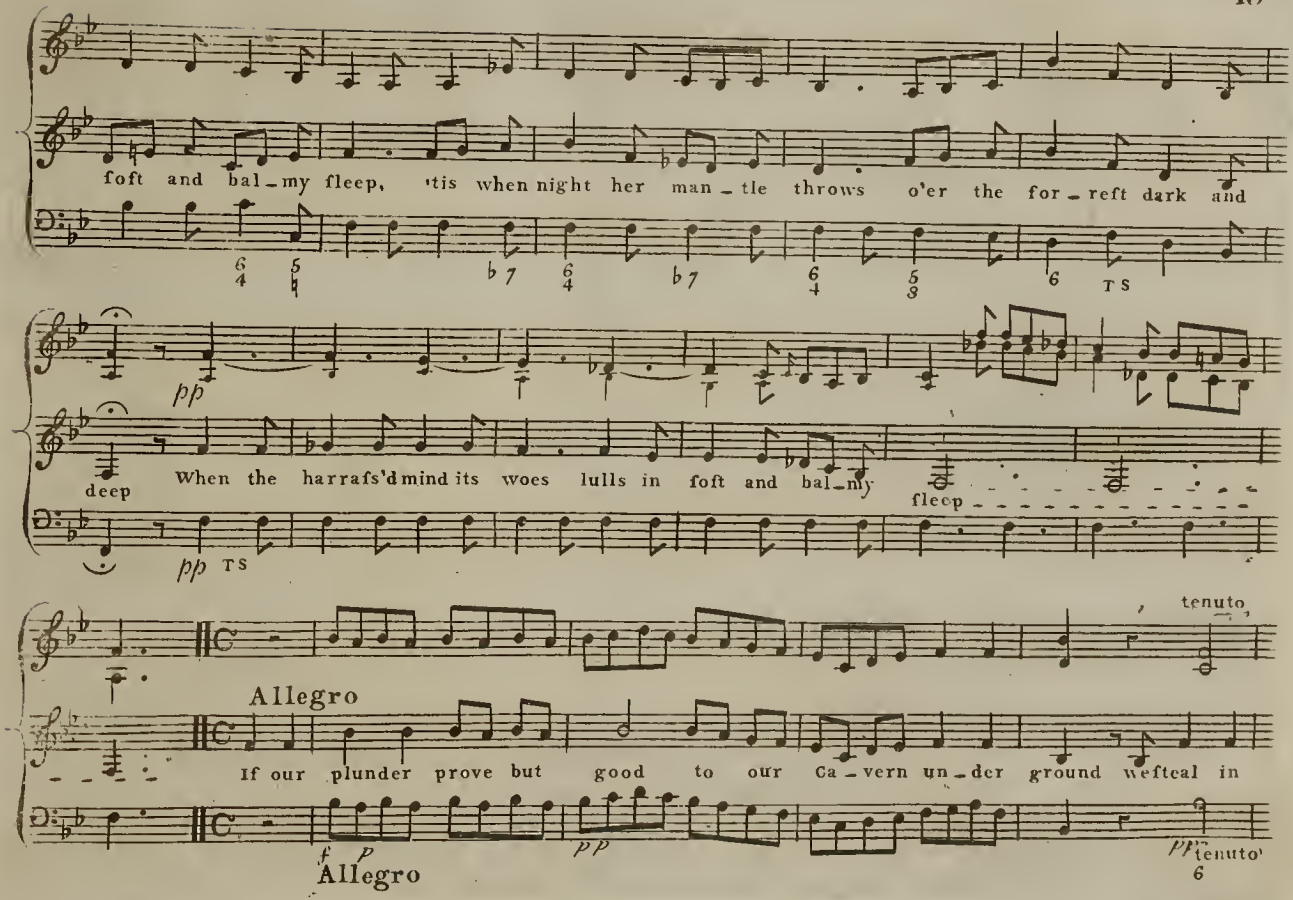
Viola

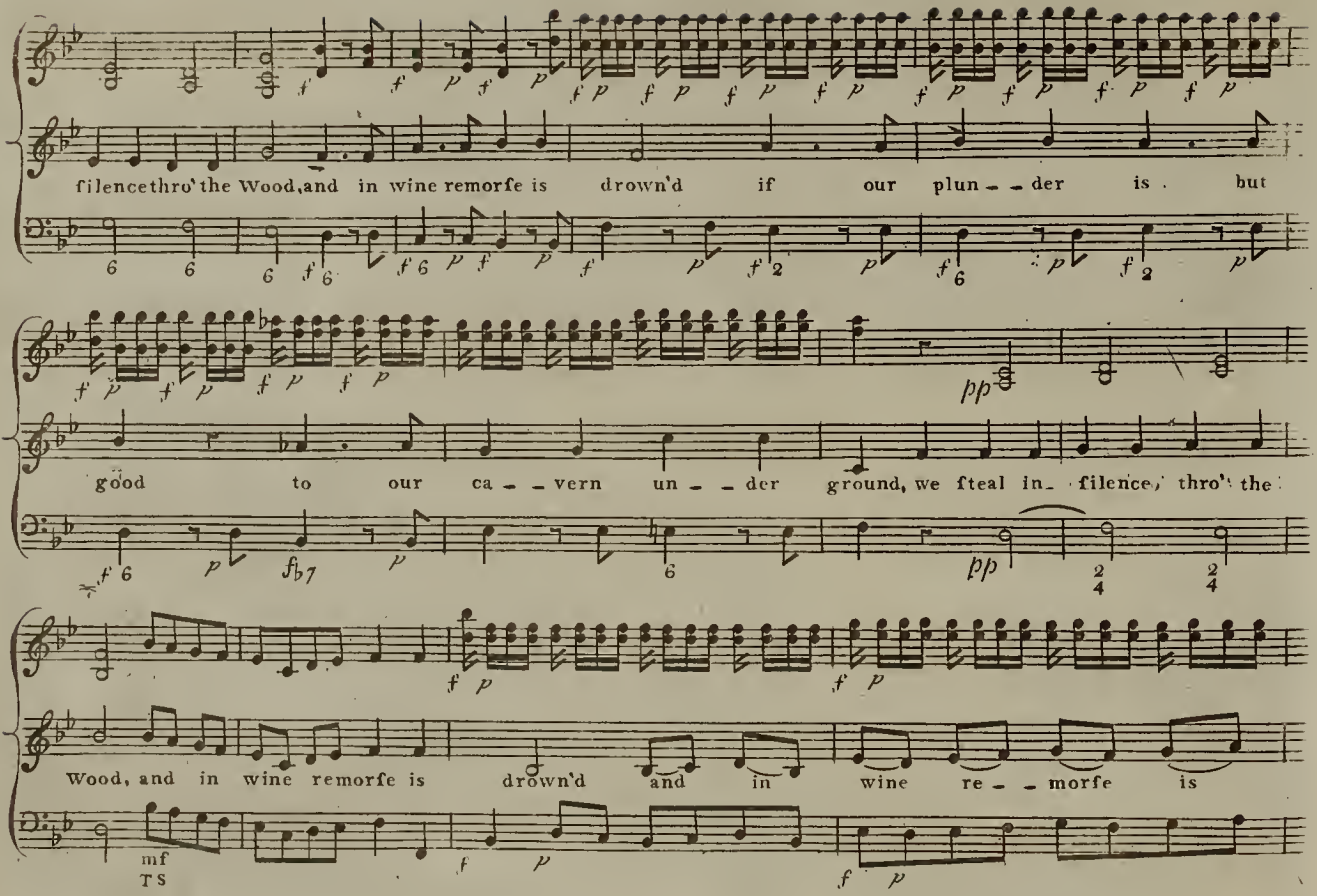
TS

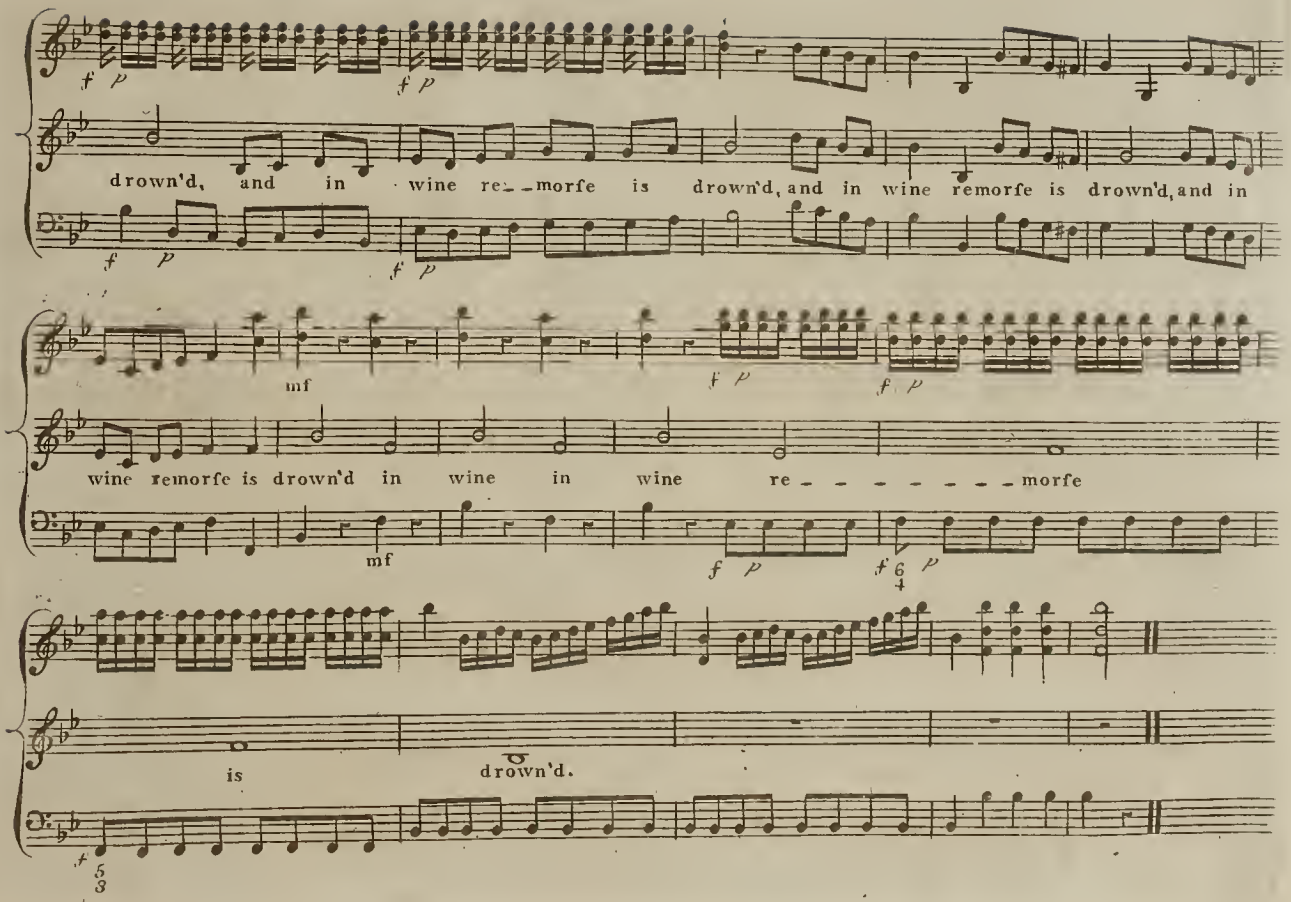
When the ſtout freebooters prowl, ſtriking terror and dis-


– may, in the poor benight – ed Soul, wand'ring from his weary way, when we ſtout free – booters
prowl, ſtriking terror and dis – – may, In the poor benighted Soul, wand'ring from his weary
way, in the poor benighted Soul wand'ring from his weary way his wea – – – – ry

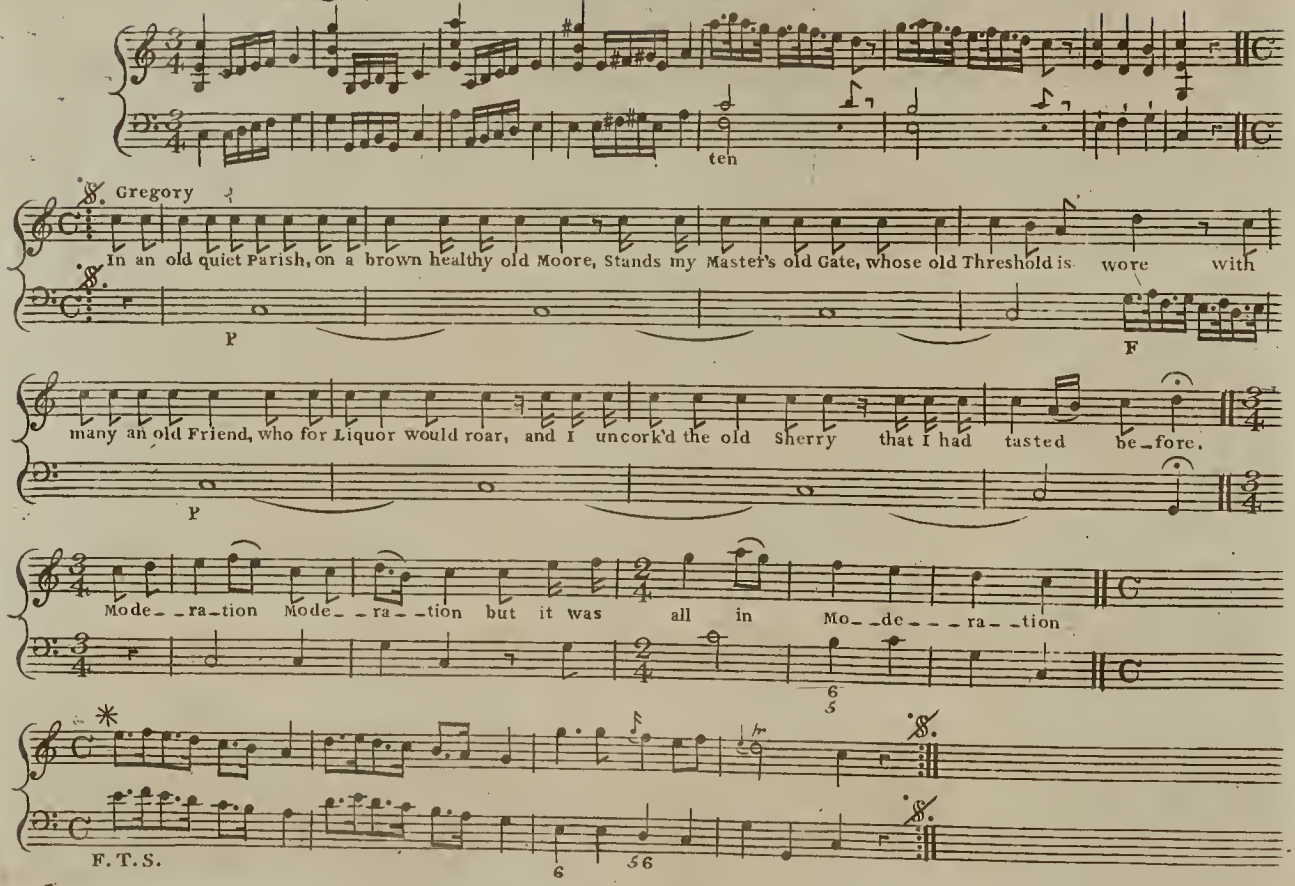

way, his wea - - - - - ry way.
Viola
Moderato
'Tis when
night her man-tle throws, o'er the forreft dark and deep, when the harrafs'd mind its woes, Lulls in


foft and bal-my fleep, 'tis when night her man-tle throws o'er the for-reft dark and
pp
deep When the harrafs'd mind its woes lulls in foft and bal-my fleep
pp TS
tenuto
Allegro
If our plunder prove but good to our Ca-vern un-der ground wefteal in
f p
pp
pp tenuto
Allegro


filencethro' the Wood, and in wine remorfe is drown'd if our plun - - der is but
good to our ca - - vern un - - der ground, we fteal in- filence, thro' the
Wood, and in wine remorfe is drown'd and in wine re - - morfe is
mf
TS


drown'd, and in wine re- morfe is drown'd, and in wine remorfe is drown'd, and in
wine remorfe is drown'd in wine in wine re - - - - - - - - morfe
is
drown'd.

Sung by Mr. Edwin (*Moderation & Alteration*)


ten
Gregory
In an old quiet Parish, on a brown healthy old Moore, Stands my Master's old Gate, whose old Threshold is wore with
P
F
many an old Friend, who for Liquor would roar, and I uncork'd the old Sherry that I had tasted be-fore.
P
Mode--ra-tion Mode--ra--tion but it was all in Mo--de---ra--tion
6 5
F. T. S.
6 56

2

Then I had my old quiet Pantry, of the Servants was the head,
Kept the Key of the old Cellar, old Plate, and chip'd the brown bread:
If an odd old Barrel was miſsing it was eaſily ſaid,
That the very old Beer was one morning found dead!
Moderation &c.

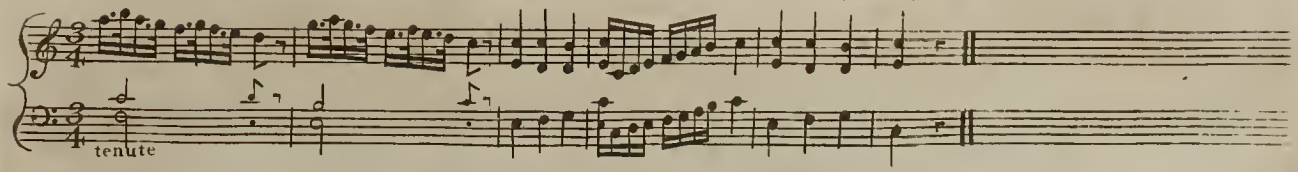
3

But we had a good old Custom, when the Week it did begin,
To ſhew, by my Accounts, I had not wasted a Pin;
For, my Lord, tho' he was bountifull, thought waste it was a Sin,
And never wou'd lay out much, but when my Lady lay in!
Moderation &c.

4

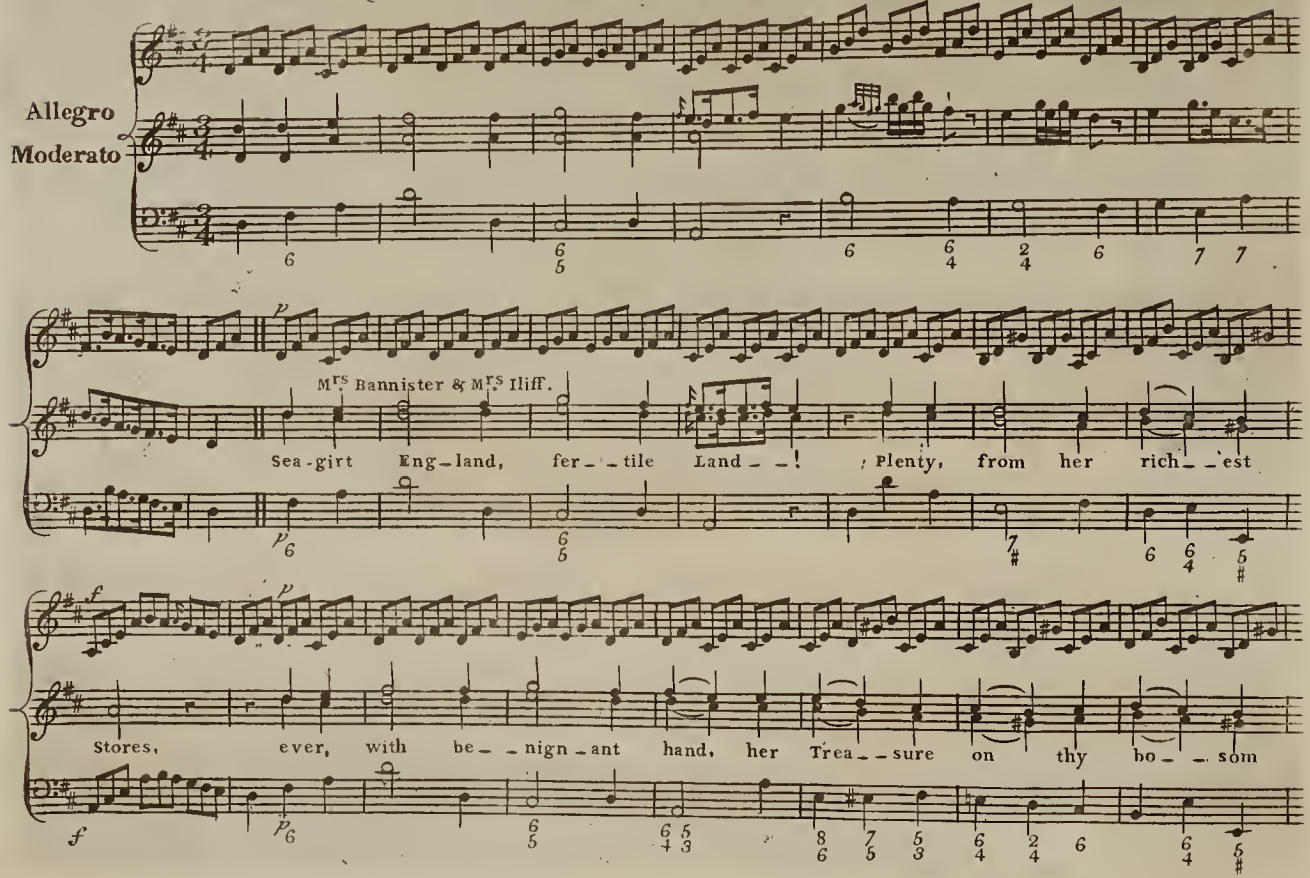
Good lack! good lack! Dame Fortune once did frown,
And I left my old quiet Pantry to trudge from Town to Town,
Worn quite off my old Legs, in ſearch of bobs, thumps, and cracks of the crown,
I was fairly knock'd up, and almost foully knock'd down!
Alteration, Alteration! O 'twas a wonderfull Alteration!

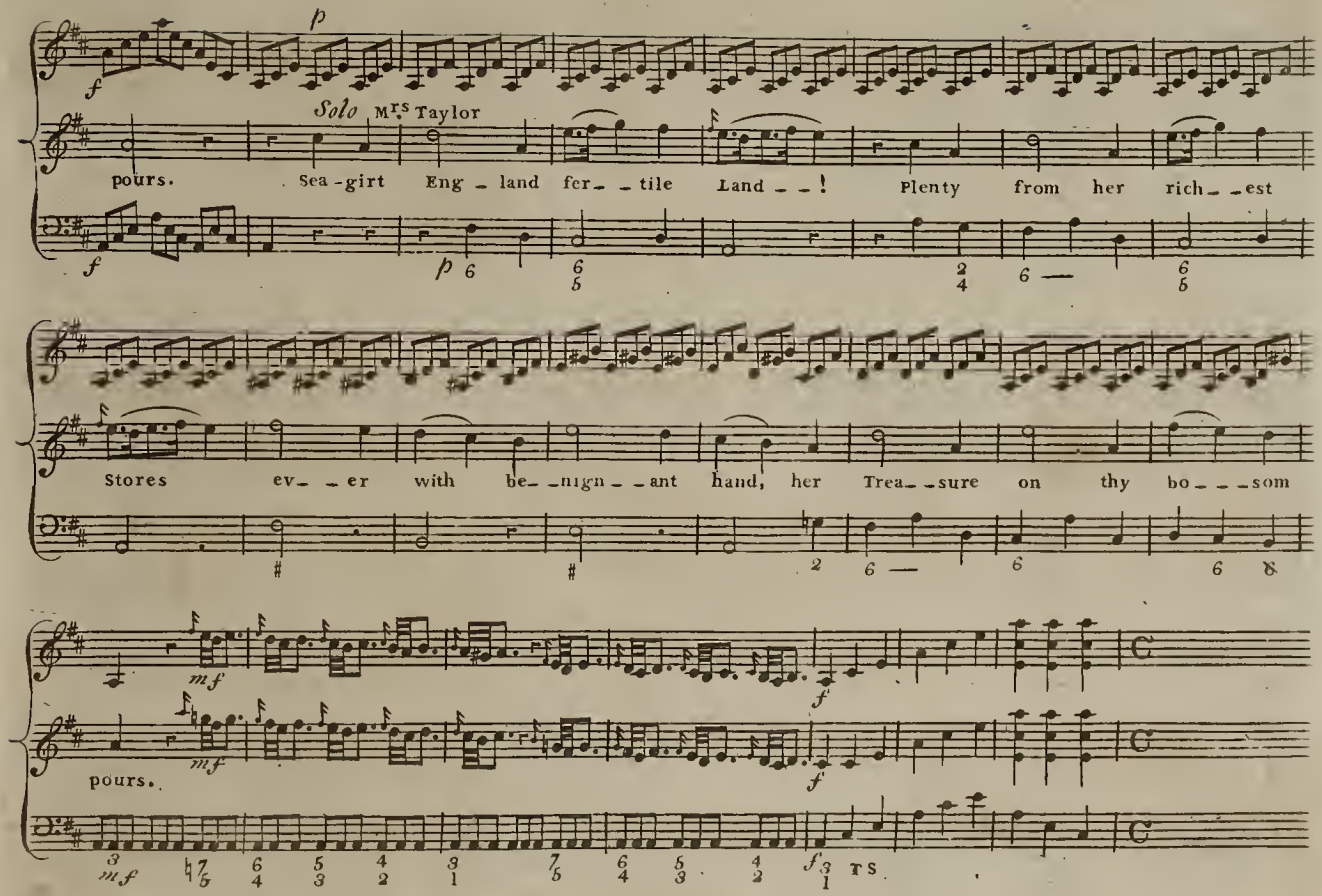
☞ After the last Stanza the following Symphony is played instead of the Symphony marked thus ✳

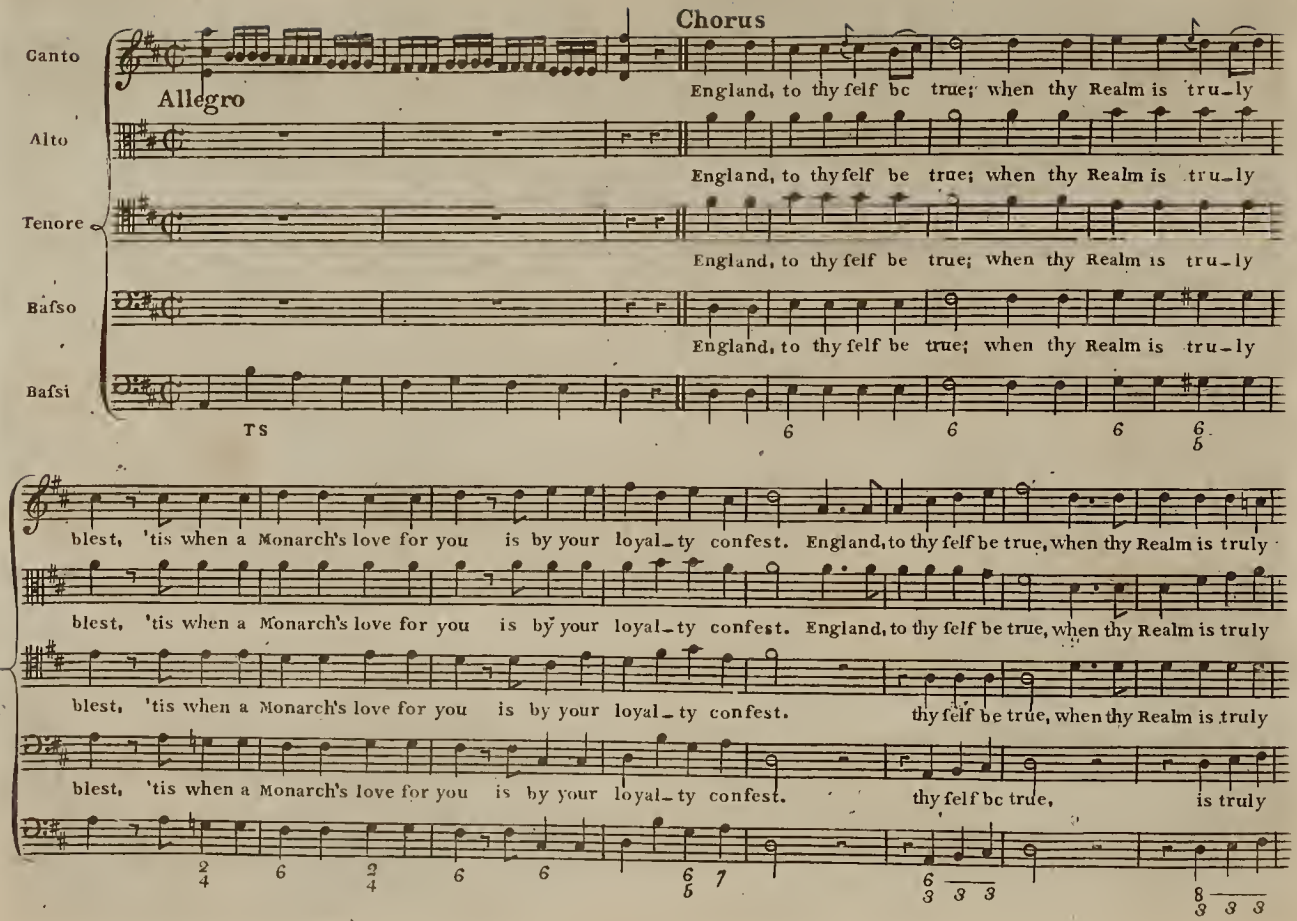


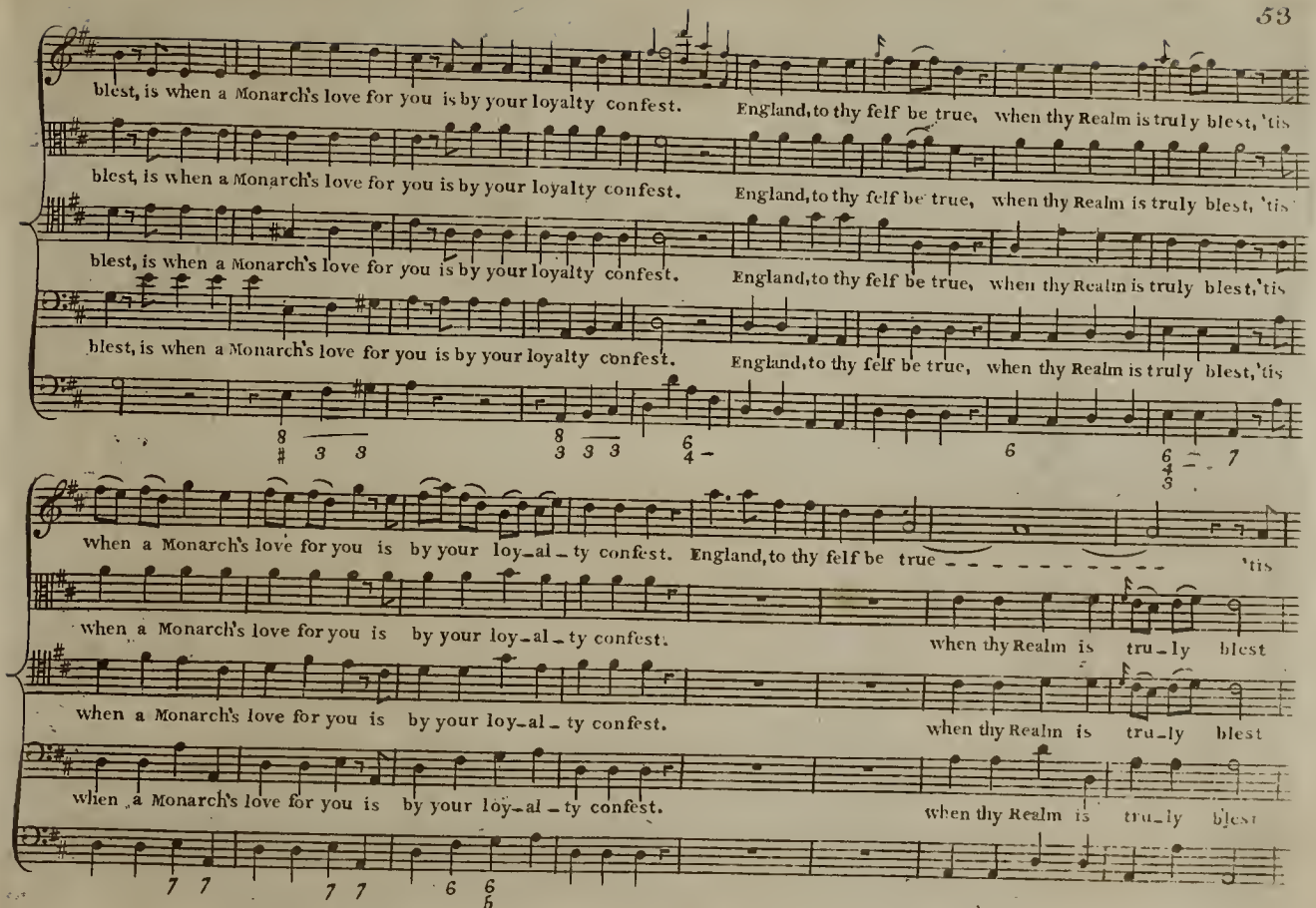
Finale

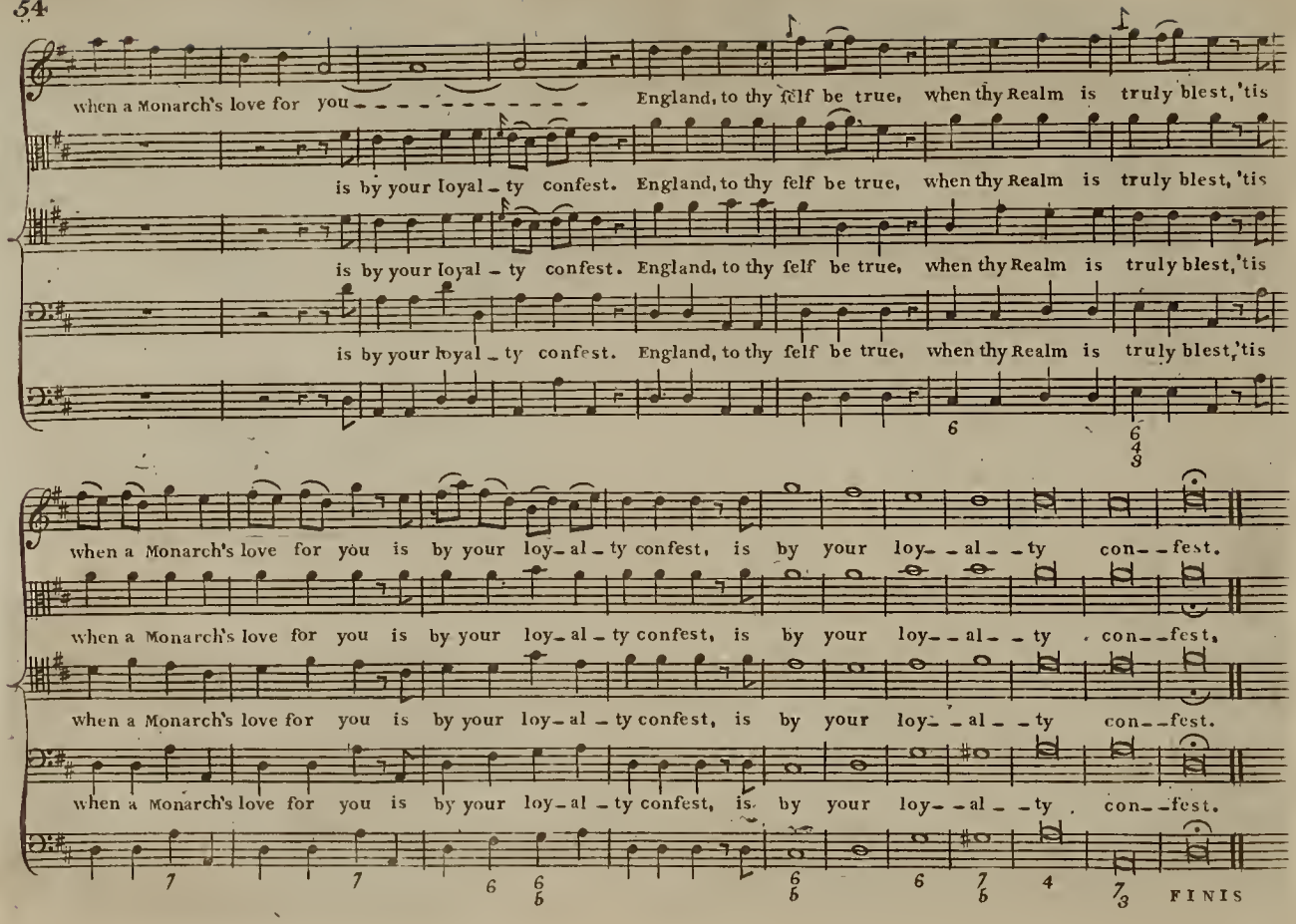
Sung by Mrs Bannister, Miss George, Mrs Iliff, Mrs Taylor, Mrs Plomer, Mrs Edwards and Chorus.




Solo Mrs Taylor
pours. Sea-girt Eng-land fer--tile Land--! Plenty from her rich--est
Stores ev--er with be--nign--ant hand, her Trea--sure on thy bo---som
pours.
TS


Chorus
Canto
Allegro
England, to thy felf be true; when thy Realm is tru-ly
Alto
England, to thy felf be true; when thy Realm is tru-ly
Tenore
England, to thy felf be true; when thy Realm is tru-ly
Bafso
England, to thy felf be true; when thy Realm is tru-ly
Bafsi
Ts
6
6
6
6
5
blest, 'tis when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyal-ty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly
blest, 'tis when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyal-ty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly
blest, 'tis when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyal-ty confest. thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly
blest, 'tis when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyal-ty confest. thy felf be true, is truly
2/4
6
2/4
6
6
6/5
7
6/3
3
3
8/3
3
3


blest, is when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyalty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
blest, is when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyalty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
blest, is when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyalty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
blest, is when a Monarch's love for you is by your loyalty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy-al-ty confest. England, to thy felf be true 'tis
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy-al-ty confest. when thy Realm is tru-ly blest
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy-al-ty confest. when thy Realm is tru-ly blest
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy-al-ty confest. when thy Realm is tru-ly blest


when a Monarch's love for you England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
is by your loyal - ty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
is by your loyal - ty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
is by your loyal - ty confest. England, to thy felf be true, when thy Realm is truly blest, 'tis
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy - al - ty confest, is by your loy - - al - - ty con - - fest.
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy - al - ty confest, is by your loy - - al - - ty con - - fest.
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy - al - ty confest, is by your loy - - al - - ty con - - fest.
when a Monarch's love for you is by your loy - al - ty confest, is by your loy - - al - - ty con - - fest.
FINIS